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LEBANON PLUS ONE

Fraud in the laboratory

Who knifed Tom Enders? • *John Simon on gossip*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Agent Orange

An unending nightmare
by C.D.B. Bryan

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CORRESPONDENCE

SENATOR CRANSTON'S VIEW

To the editors:

As a former journalist, I am particularly disappointed when practitioners of the profession produce sloppy or sensational work. "The Senate's Secret Slush Funds," by Bill Hogan, Diane Kiesel, and Alan Green (TNR, June 20), commits both sins. It is inaccurate and misleading in its news reporting and analysis. It wouldn't have gotten past my desk editor at the International News Service in 1938.

First, does anyone at THE NEW REPUBLIC know what a "slush fund" means? Webster's defines it as a "fund for bribing public officials." Although your authors frequently use this phrase in the article, nothing in the story substantiates this indirect accusation of political corruption.

The article's main premise seems to be that Senate unofficial office accounts are unethical and illegal. They are neither. I cannot speak for the numerous other Senators mentioned in your article, but I can say for myself that my unofficial office account is not a personal checking account. Nor have we attempted to keep it secret. The Senate openly established these types of accounts and set their guidelines in the 1970s.

I set up my account with surplus funds from my 1980 Senate campaign. Its purpose is to enable my Senate office to use nongovernment funds for business expenses that might give the appearance of being political. My staff sought and received advice from the Senate Ethics Committee and the Internal Revenue Service on how to operate the account, and it has been structured and used only for purposes consistent with Senate rules and the laws of the land.

The article insinuates a sinister motive for all expenditures in the account. Let's take a closer look than your reporters bothered to do at the uses of the account. For example:

In 1982 I hired a speech coach to help me improve my public speaking. I charged the expense to my unofficial office account because I did not want to use government funds. The same year, I traveled to two events on the East Coast sponsored by Ground Zero, an antinuclear arms organization. As a leading cosponsor of the nuclear freeze resolution and Democratic vote-counter in the Senate, I attended these events to give a progress report on Senate activities. In this case, I thought that because of the somewhat political nature of the group the government should not pay for the trip. The same was true when my wife Norma and I traveled to California in 1981 to attend a Democratic dinner honoring former Vice President Walter Mondale. The article implies that I should be embarrassed by spending nonpublic money for these and other like expenses. Well, I'm not.

The article also implies that the account was established to pay for personal expenses to maintain a "lavish lifestyle." Anyone who has watched my career in California and in the Senate is familiar with my modest living style and will be readily amused by the article's assertion. An impartial observer can easily see that none of the expenditures by the account related to lifestyle. None was for personal comfort or material gain. The expenditures related to my job as a Senator and would have been tax-deductible if they had been paid from my personal checking account.

For your information, the assertion that my staff did not permit full access to the records of the account is false. My staff allowed Diane Kiesel to comb through the account's ledger line by line, and we provided her with the opportunity to interview the two staff members who kept the books. We did not permit her to take copies of the records out of the Senate office.

The suggestion that I would ever ignore the tax laws of our land flies in the face of the fact that my staff and I took meticulous care to obtain two opinions from the I.R.S. and one from the Senate Ethics Committee on the proper way to proceed with the account. In establishing and operating the account, our primary concern has been to ensure that public funds are not used for business expenses that may have political connotations.

In light of the innuendos in the article, I have invited the Senate Ethics Committee and the I.R.S. to examine and audit the account.

ALAN CRANSTON
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

The authors reply:

Safire's Political Dictionary, by William Safire, offers this description of slush funds: "What gives a slush fund its sinister current meaning is its inherent lack of accountability—the money goes into a pot and is ladled out without public scrutiny." That, it seems to us, applies to Senator Cranston's case.

Our story said that the "Alan Cranston Office Account" is a private—not personal—checking account. It is. As we noted, Senator Cranston has never publicly disclosed his use of funds channeled into that account. We said that Senator Cranston's office "permitted limited inspection of some records." A specific ground rule of that inspection, imposed by the Senator's office, was that some entries could not be used in our story.

Senator Cranston does not cite the two opinions he says were provided by the I.R.S. Our story cited a 1980 revenue ruling that fits Senator Cranston's circumstance exactly.

Again, on repeated occasions, by telephone and by certified mail, we requested an interview with Senator Cranston. His office declined to respond to those requests.

NEGATIVE EXPOSURE

To the editors:

Arturo Toscanini once remarked that you don't really need elephants to stage *Aida*. But Franco Zeffirelli, like Hannibal, has never been able to lay his hands on enough of them, and consequently his career through opera leaves a wake of artistic debris unmatched by any other director since Nero. Zeffirelli's true métier is not opera, but circus, which is close to Hollywood. Stanley Kauffmann is unduly harsh in his review of Zeffirelli's bad movie *La Traviata* ("Double Exposure," TNR, May 23). So what if "the strayed one" was further astray than usual? After all, it could have been much worse: it might have happened at the Met.

A. C. HALL
Dallas, Texas

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FROM WASHINGTON

R.F.K. Remembered

June 6 was the fifteenth anniversary of the death of Robert Kennedy. Fifteen years after that terrible night in Los Angeles, it was a time for remembering, for speculating again about what kind of President he would have made. And here in Washington, two masses were offered, one by his old colleagues and friends, the other by his family.

Could it really be fifteen years since he catalogued what he found "unacceptable" in America: poverty in rural Mississippi and the ghettos of the North; the cruel joke of Indian "education," children taken from their families to schools thousands of miles away to "study" in an alien language in which their culture was scorned; and, of course, Vietnam, where we would "make a desert and call it peace"?

At the places where his friends and family gathered, they spoke of those things with the restlessness of people whose work is interrupted and incomplete. Carmine Bellino and Walter Sheridan were there; along with Bob Kennedy, they awakened us to the spreading infection of racketeering and corruption in the labor movement (and, as they often made clear, in management as well), and its direct link to organized crime. You could look around and see the men who worked with him in the Justice Department—John Douglas, Jack Miller, Louis Oberdorfer, Burke Marshall, John Siegenthaler, John Nolan— and realize what an extraordinary group that was, what an impact it had on the administration of justice.

The public recollections of R.F.K. are of an impassioned Presidential candidate, or of a U.S. Senator at the center of national debate on poverty, Latin America, and Vietnam. But they rarely take note of the years in which he earned the deserved reputation as one of the two or three best—if not the very best—attorneys general of this century. It is hard to remember, but the role of the Department of Justice as an activist participant in the affairs of government virtually began with Robert Kennedy. No longer just the office of "the President's lawyer," the Department under R.F.K. became a place where active justice could be furthered, the rights of Americans vindicated, and the priorities of social policy tested and then reenforced.

It helps, of course, to be the President's brother as well as his lawyer. It gives you more scope. The idea of a domestic Peace Corps was tested in the attorney general's project on juvenile delinquency, which proved the forerunner of the remarkably vital and long-lived VISTA program, and had in it the seeds of community action efforts in hundreds of inner-city neighborhoods. Can one imagine President Reagan's lawyer (the same one he had as a private citizen) exploring anything of the sort?

For that matter, what would Bob Kennedy and his civil rights assistants, Burke Marshall and John Doar, think of the Department's role today? Could they even imagine government lawyers at the *other* table when black children are in federal court to enforce the constitutional rights that courts have already held to have been denied them? Or arguing that *all* taxpayers should help pay for racially segregated schools?

The intensity of the emotion among these Kennedy veterans, whether of the Rackets Committee, the Justice Department, the Senate staff, or the Presidential campaign, was striking—even among mourners. Some recalled that before the investigations of the Teamsters and others, which R.F.K. led as counsel to the McClellan Committee, and before the revelations of the activities of organized crime which accompanied those investigations, even J. Edgar Hoover's F.B.I. would deny there was any such thing as organized crime.

Others reflected on the intensity with which Kennedy, as counsel, as Attorney General, as Senator, and as an increasingly likely Presidential candidate, had been opposed, even hated—and not just by Jimmy Hoffa and his partisans. Except for the feeling of black Americans about Ronald Reagan today, there has been nothing like that intensity of dislike, perhaps, since F.D.R. People could—and did—curse Bob Kennedy for his haircut, his accent, and even the number of his children. And the love on the other side was just as strong, maybe stronger

What was behind it, of course—the hate and the love alike—was a hunch that he meant what he said. No one ever thought he was an ordinary politician, looking for consensus or willing to remain out on the periphery of the truly vexing issues. When he said something was "unacceptable," people to whom it was not only acceptable but desirable knew in their hearts that if he had the power, he would change it. That is not something we know about a lot of politicians today.

One sensed that R.F.K. would accept sacrifice and suffer politically for his beliefs. The difference was that one also sensed that he would want others to sacrifice and perhaps suffer too. When a crowd of medical students—on live television a few days before a key primary in 1968—wanted to know who would pay the substantial bill for national health insurance so that a healthy generation of poor children could survive and Americans could be treated without differentiation by income, his answer came straight and clear: "You will."

Over this weekend of remembrance, Bob Kennedy's stern sense of priorities was recalled as well. At a time when our prosperity was measured in official speeches by bathtubs, telephones, and interstate highways, R.F.K. could say of the gross national product: "It does not include the beauty of our poetry or the strength of our marriages, the intelligence of our public debate or the integrity of our public officials. It allows neither for the justice in our courts, nor for the justness of our dealings with each other. The gross national product measures neither our wit nor our courage, neither our wisdom nor our learning, neither our compassion nor our devotion to country. It measures everything, in short, except that which makes life worthwile."

If there had been a sermon, that would have been it.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
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WARNINGS

From sloganeer to statesman—that is how Ronald Reagan wants the public to perceive his progress in foreign policy. The most partisan politician of the decade now hungers for bipartisanship. The man who prided himself on the narrowness of his vision now prides himself on its largeness. Suddenly he is a creature of comprehensiveness. He wants not only what he wants, but what the opposition wants too. He wants the MX, for example, but if the opposition wants Midgetman and arms control, he does too. And he wants a military victory in El Salvador, but if the opposition wants "dialogue" and an end to social injustice and economic inequality and political horror, he does too. The President has been presenting grand programs to Congress, programs that appear to have one eye on reason and the other on history. They have been winning support, not least among prominent liberals. Indeed, some of them deserve support, because not everything that Ronald Reagan says is wrong. There *is* a war in El Salvador and there *are* SS-18s. The liberal bargain with some of Ronald Reagan's foreign policy is not quite a bargain with the devil.

Still, a shudder passes through our liberal spine. The President's deeds differ from his words. On Central America, for example. His words, you will recall, proposed a four-point plan. "We will support democracy, rights, and freedom. . . . We will support economic development. . . . We will support the security of the region's threatened nations. . . . We will support dialogue and negotiations." (Not the kind of leading man that Mr. Reagan used to play.) It is difficult to quarrel with a plan to do all that. We heard the speech; we supported it, though skeptically; we waited to see. Well, we have seen at least this: the President has dismissed from their posts the officials who support the telling of the full truth and the fashioning of a full policy in Central America.

The firing of Thomas Enders and Deane Hinton is ominous. It leaves our Central American policy too much in the hands of a judge from California and a real estate man from Alaska. Moreover, something has gone wrong in an Administration for which Thomas Enders is too soft. Mr. Enders, of course, is the former deputy chief of the U.S. Mission in Phnom Penh, where he served with deathly distinction from 1971 to 1974: the sort of man from whom an argument against the feasibility of a military solution should have carried some weight. It appears that Mr. Enders had been making just such an argument about El Salvador in the State Department, that he had become persuaded of the need for a political solution as well. Exit Mr. Enders. Poor Mr. Enders, hated by the left as a hawk in Indochina and hated by the right as a dove in Central America.

Ambassador Hinton is a more meritorious matter. He has been speaking plainly about El Salvador for a long time, bringing the bad news to an Administration that will not hear it. Last fall he made a truly courageous speech before a body of Salvadoran businessmen, in which he charged the Salvadoran right with a large share of the responsibility for the carnage in the country. An indisputable point, supported, we would have thought, by the evidence of the man's senses. But the ambassador was sternly scolded for telling the truth—a scolding that cost the White House more in moral and political credibility than could be gained by any speech to a joint session of Congress. It turns out that the ambassador's boldness had been cleared by Mr. Enders, and by nobody else; and that Mr. Enders encouraged Mr. Hinton to take action against the possibility of Roberto D'Aubisson's accession to power after the last election, and more generally against the usurpation of authority in El Salvador by the psychopathic right. (Mr. Enders even made a surprise visit to Felipe González who considers the nature of American involvement in Central America "fundamentally harmful" and encourages a regional negotiated settlement. Mr. Enders will now become ambassador to Spain, where he can see Mr. González whenever he pleases.)

This Administration, in short, will have no truck with a political track. It has a four-point plan, but a one-point policy. Perhaps it is too soon to say. Still, this purge of

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personnel is a bad sign. The policymaking apparatus has not merely been made more efficient, as the Administration would like us to believe. It has been made more efficient for an end. The purge is proof that the Administration is not really hospitable to any analysis of the Salvadoran situation that does not conclude with a call for the use of force. The use of force in the region is not indefensible, to be sure, except when it is the sole instrument of American policy. The President promised that it would not be, that different solutions would be fashioned for different problems, that a special envoy would see to all of it. His rhetoric was good, but he is ruining it. There is a little less reason to believe in the sincerity of what the President said. "Bipartisanship" may be no more than bait.

If Mr. Reagan does not make good on all the principles he presented, furthermore, there may be a considerable cost at home too. Partisanship in government is an abuse of bipartisanship in politics. The President asked that party loyalties be shed in the matter of foreign policy but he has not shed them. He must understand that he may not forever enjoy the support of those who agree that there are global dimensions to the Central American crisis, but insist that there are regional dimensions too. Such people are watching. They are prepared to be serious partners in the prosecution of a policy that will have as its aims the preservation of American security and the promulgation of social justice. But they are not prepared to be suckers.

One Year Beyond

The rebellion in Lebanon's Bekaa valley of Fatah troops against Yasir Arafat's leadership of the Palestine Liberation Organization is being interpreted, as usual, as a fight between moderates and extremists. The rebels, it is said, want to pursue armed struggle against Israel, while the moderates want to try diplomacy. In fact, whether there will be any armed struggle, and what form it will take, is a decision to be made not by Palestinians but by Syrians—behind whose lines, under whose protection, and at whose convenience the P.L.O. operates. On one side of this fight are elements led by Mr. Arafat, who, though highly dependent on the Syrians, harbor deep grievances against them for preventing the P.L.O. from destroying the Christians in the Lebanese Civil War of 1975-76 and for agreeing to an early ceasefire with Israel a year ago. On the other side are elements more thoroughly controlled by Syria, elements who believe that the road to Jerusalem goes through Damascus. Since his departure from Beirut last year, Mr. Arafat has considered other roads, most recently a tentative approach to Amman. He quickly abandoned that one when he realized that he could no longer avoid paying the toll: recognition of Jordanian interests on the West Bank, a willingness to countenance peace talks with Israel, and the abandonment of the idea of a separate Palestinian state. Since the road from Beirut was denied him by Israel's victory last year, Mr. Arafat has been at sea, or more correctly in the air. On the day rival Fatah forces attacked each other in the Bekaa, he was in Bucharest. Then he flew to Algiers, then to Jidda. It's hard to imagine what Rumania, Algeria, or Saudi Arabia have to offer him, except that none of them is Syria, and that, while in the air, he doesn't have to face the facts on the ground.

The truth is that although the P.L.O. has not been destroyed, its independence has; and for an organization that claims to embody a national movement, this amounts to the same thing. One year after the Israeli invasion, it seems clearer than ever that in this important respect it was a success. In South Lebanon it destroyed the P.L.O.'s military independence. And by expelling the P.L.O. from Beirut, it destroyed the P.L.O.'s political independence. The price for Israel was high: five hundred dead, nearly as many as in the three-front war of 1967; strained relations with the United States (now largely healed as a result of the Israeli-Lebanese accord, brokered by Secretary of State Shultz); and, perhaps most damaging, bitterness and division at home. At the beginning of June a demonstration starting at the Lebanese-Israeli border and culminating in a huge rally in Tel Aviv called for Israeli withdrawal from Lebanon. (Israel may be the only country where a victorious war is a source of protest.) A firm majority of Israelis, however, is opposed to unilateral withdrawal and accepts Menachem Begin's (and Ronald Reagan's) position that Israel cannot withdraw unless Syria and the P.L.O. do too.

Israel paid heavily, but despite the sour retrospectives in the Western press that marked the anniversary of the invasion, and despite the regretful reflections of some in a bereaved Israel, the Lebanese operation achieved its goals. Not all possible goals. The assassination of Bashir Gemayel prevented Israel from being able to leave Lebanon in the hands of a powerful and relatively friendly leader. But Israel did establish once and for all a security zone that will protect its northern settlements and make living there as secure as living in the Israeli interior. The security zone will either be guaranteed by continuing Israeli surveillance in cooperation with Lebanon under the Israeli-Lebanese agreement, or, if Syria and the P.L.O. stay put, de facto partition.

The cost of occupation, however, is high. In one week in May, Israel lost six soldiers as a result of hit-and-run attacks. Many in Israel favor a unilateral withdrawal south to the Awali River to shorten Israeli lines, to remove Israel from the incurable Druze-Christian strife in the Shuf Mountains, and to consolidate Israeli positions for a long and safer stay in South Lebanon. Back to the twenty-five mile security zone—just what all the critics of Israel so vociferously demanded last year. Ironically, now that Israel is prepared to do so, both the United States and Lebanon are urging Israel not to. Their fear is that a unilateral withdrawal would not only seal Lebanon's partition, but also create a vacuum which the Lebanese Army as yet

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cannot, and the multinational force will not, fill. They know that without Israel's presence—alien, resented, but stabilizing—the area will either revert to anarchy or be quickly infiltrated by P.L.O. and Syrian units, thus threatening the government in Beirut itself.

For the United States, one lesson of the war and its aftermath is the mythical nature of that illusive entity known as "the Arabs." Neither in war nor in peace can they put aside their fratricidal conflicts. Thus for the United States to rest its hopes on an Arab consensus in favor of its various serious and courageous peace plans—Camp David, the Reagan plan, the Lebanese-Israeli accord—is to rest them on sand. The only time American diplomacy in the area succeeds is when it is prepared to defy the rejectionists and forge ahead with "separate" peaces.

The other lesson is the utter bankruptcy of a Saudi-based U.S. policy. Out of a combination of weakness, cowardice, and genuine hostility to the ultimate American aim of peaceful Arab co-existence with Israel, the Saudis have either actively frustrated or not lifted a finger to advance any American peace plan.

The final lesson has to do with the limits and opportunities for American diplomacy in the Middle East. If the Soviets and the Syrians decide that they prefer Lebanon partitioned, there is little the United States, or Israel for that matter, can do. The war of 1982 will not have produced a whole Lebanon, but half a Lebanon is better than none. And half a Lebanon with Beirut, with a government strongly inclined toward the West, and with an army that is beginning to earn respect, is an important asset. A sound American policy would continue to back its friends in the region: Egypt, Israel, and Lebanon. It would continue its efforts to rebuild the Lebanese Army and to protect the fragile government in Beirut with a multinational force. It would encourage the expansion of both army and multinational force jurisdiction into areas from which Israel has indicated a willingness to withdraw. And it would declare to "the Arabs" that if they want a free Lebanon or an autonomous West Bank, Washington has spoken. The rest is up to them.

NOTEBOOK

□ THEY HAVE EYES but they do not see, the Psalmist complained of the idols, and sometimes the same may be said of the idols of the cultural marketplace. King Hussein has refused to meet Menachem Begin at the negotiating table, because Yasir Arafat wouldn't let him, and *The New York Review of Books* asks, "Can Begin Be Stopped?" Secretary of State George Shultz contrives a historic agreement between Israel and Lebanon, which will establish the equivalent of peace on yet another of those bellicose borders, and David Levine furnishes the journal with a drawing of Shultz that has him holding his suitcase with the hands of a hawk. The article that runs around Levine's caricature is itself a bit of a caricature; its readers will be surprised to learn, for example, that "Hussein not only did not 'reject' the [Reagan] plan, but strongly endorsed it." And I am Marie of Rumania.

□ TEN YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The two top civilians in the United States embassy in Cambodia—Ambassador Emory C. Swank and Deputy Chief of Mission Thomas O. Enders—have reportedly endorsed the military position that more arms aid and more bombing are the best available methods for ending the war in Cambodia. Ambassador Enders, a bright, fast-rising diplomat at the age of 41, was recently promoted to FSO-1, the same rank held by Ambassador Swank. Enders is chairman and deciding voice of the five-man embassy panel that holds a daily secret meeting to screen all requests from the Cambodian high command for air strikes by giant B-52 bombers and F-111 swing-wing jets based in Thailand. Ambassador Enders—who has had no military experience, having specialized in economics—takes professional pride in his new role as chief of the embassy's air-war activities. He has told visitors that 'the bombing has been very successful. We've inflicted heavy casualties on the other side.' ("Our Men In Cambodia," by Sidney H. Schanberg, June 30, 1973).

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

ENDERS'S END

THE REPLACEMENT of Thomas Enders as the State Department's top policymaker for Latin America and of Deane Hinton as ambassador to El Salvador have been portrayed as part of a move to "toughen" U.S. policy on Central America, as a power grab by the White House national security adviser, William Clark, at the expense of Secretary of State George Shultz, and as a triumph of hardliners such as U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick and C.I.A. Director William Casey over "soft" foreign service careerists. Actually the situation is both simpler than all that and more complex. Personality differences played a big part in Enders's sacking. Hinton was not sacked at all. The personnel changes were not the result of a change in overall policy toward Central America, but of a determination by Clark that policy was not being effectively implemented. Clark has not executed a Kissinger-style power play, though; on the contrary, Enders was ousted as part of a plan to shift operational control of Central America policy from the White House back to State. And at State, the new Assistant Secretary for Latin America, Langhorne Motley, and the new ambassador in San Salvador, Thomas Pickering, are not noticeably harder-line on

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policy than Enders and Hinton were. State's original choice for the ambassador's job, John Negroponte, a career diplomat who is currently ambassador to Honduras, actually was rejected by the White House as having too hardline a reputation in Congress.

NEVERTHELESS, the Administration's policy is inexorably becoming "tougher" as the military situation in El Salvador deteriorates and that in Nicaragua improves. At least in the short run, the new personnel changes will do nothing to alter the general drift toward military solutions. Clark, instinctively hardline, has not stolen power, but he has demonstrated that he has it. Shultz, more of a moderate, has yet to show that he can get it back. Clark's fellow hardliners, including Kirkpatrick, had lost some major policy fights to Enders, but in the end they won his scalp, and that enhances their influence. One of these days—after the 1984 election, if it can be put off until then—there may be a decisive struggle over Central America within the Administration, probably over whether or not to send U.S. combat troops or large numbers of advisers to the region—to win it or stay out. At the moment, it's likely that debate will continue over how best to win while staying out and how best to handle domestic opponents of Administration policy—by conciliation and persuasion or by threat and confrontation.

Thomas Enders's friends in the State Department and enemies among Democrats on Capitol Hill find it laughable that he should be cast now as some kind of dove. Ten years ago, as No. 2 man in the U.S. embassy in Phnom Penh, Enders selected targets for secret U.S. bombing raids in Cambodia, earning the respectful notice of Alexander Haig, then chief of staff to President Nixon. As Ronald Reagan's first Secretary of State, Haig intended to pursue a high-tension policy against Latin American Communists, and he selected Enders to help carry out his aims even though Enders had no prior Latin experience. (He has since become fluent in Spanish, no mean feat while working sixteen-hour days as a policy manager.) Haig originally wanted a direct confrontation with Cuba, the "source" of trouble in Central America, but the Administration instead chose quieter options—covert aid to anti-government guerrillas in Nicaragua and stepped-up military aid to the government of El Salvador. Enders supported both—and also backed a process of negotiation with leftists and pressure for human rights reform in El Salvador to an extent that aroused suspicion among the Administration's hardest liners.

Enders's personal and management style did not endear him to his adversaries. He is an imperious, icy man who at six foot-eight acts as though he is used to looking down at other people. One State Department official said, "If Enders had done the same things he did, but had the personality of George Shultz, he'd still be here. The Reaganites like to sit around comfortably and talk about things. You can't do that with Enders present." Enders also is described as "extremely turf conscious," unwilling or unable to delegate authority, and disrespectful of other people's prerogatives. "The White House felt that Enders, not Shultz, was running Latin American policy," one aide said. "Enders really didn't report to anybody." When C.I.A. Director Casey wanted State to release new data on Communist supply lines to El Salvador, Enders sat on the information and deprecated it as "warmed-over leftovers." He got it into his head that Spanish Prime Minister Felipe Gonzáles could be brought into Central America diplomacy and flew off to see him without consulting anyone, leading the White House to decree that henceforth no one travels without permission.

From the standpoint of Enders's friends at State and elsewhere, the issues over which he was ousted transcend style and concern methods of implementing policy. They say he wanted to conduct it as quietly as possible, so as not to arouse public and congressional opposition, whereas others, including Ambassador Kirkpatrick, wanted to crystallize issues and confront and defeat the opposition. They say that Enders wanted the United States to maintain a negotiating "track" in order to mollify domestic and foreign critics of American policy and to put the onus for refusing to talk on the Sandinistas in Nicaragua and the leftist opposition in El Salvador.

IN EARLY FEBRUARY Enders wrote a memo recommending a "two-track" policy of military aid and negotiation, an account of which was leaked by Enders's enemies in the White House to *The Washington Post* with the allegation that Enders favored talks that would lead to a coalition government ("power sharing") between right and left in El Salvador. Power-sharing negotiations, favored by many liberals as a means to stop the killing, are regarded in the Administration as a formula for eventual Communist takeover. Enders's allies deny he favored any such thing and that his February memo explicitly favored negotiations only concerning the terms for participation in forthcoming Salvadoran elections. One other official, however, says that the exact nature of the negotiations were left vague, "which is very strange for someone who has made his reputation as a crisp memo writer."

Some of Enders's foes were prepared to believe the worst about Enders's intentions, contending that career foreign service officers as a breed are trained to "yield firmly" even when vital U.S. interests are involved. Some of Enders's friends suspect Kirkpatrick and others of pursuing dark hidden agendas, too. One of them said, "Some people want an elegant defeat that can be blamed on post-Vietnam attitudes and constraints by Congress," leading perhaps to a "who lost Central America" campaign.

From the National Security Council perspective, the issues leading to Enders's replacement are described not as ideological or tactical, but managerial. William Clark did not like what he was seeing in cables from Central America and in what he was forced to include in the President's daily briefing. Beginning last fall, one official said, "It appeared that the government of El Salvador was not winning on the battlefield." Clark ordered an "intense review" conducted through several channels, including a

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so-called "core group," chaired by Enders and made up of officials from several agencies. The President himself became increasingly involved personally, especially after his trip to Latin America in December gave him an opportunity "to sit in little rooms with presidents and generals and discuss chopper parts and the security situation and get a real feel for the situation on the ground."

In January and February Clark brought Ambassador James Theberge up to Washington from his post in Chile to review the Central America situation. Clark sent Kirkpatrick on a fact-finding tour of Central America. Clark also had former Florida Senator Richard Stone hired as a State Department consultant for congressional relations and public diplomacy. And about the same time, Enders's memo was leaked. Enders approached Clark and asked about a new assignment—not, reportedly, the one he got as ambassador to Spain—but Clark told him his departure would be asked for when it was desired.

ACCORDING to N.S.C. officials, at no time was Clark usurping the prerogatives of Shultz as Secretary of State, even though Shultz reportedly is "frustrated" at Clark's interventions in his department. N.S.C. officials say that, unlike Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski before him—and to the displeasure of some members of his staff—Clark has resolutely refused to have his subordinates chair interagency committees, leaving that function to representatives of regular departments of government. Clark is said to respect fully the delineations of authority spelled out in N.S.C. decision directives allotting operational responsibility over foreign policy to State. But when Enders was late getting things done, when Clark found that too many meetings had to be conducted in the White House, and when things didn't improve either on the battlefield in Central America or in American public opinion, aides say Clark was forced to step in.

"Public diplomacy"—that is, the selling of American policy to the public, the press, Congress, and world opinion—is an especially troublesome item for the Administration. Clark, for one, had hoped that when Pope John Paul visited El Salvador in early March and when the Salvadoran government announced a speed-up in holding elections this year, Congress would somehow be inspired to vote the additional military aid that the President had requested. This didn't happen, and it was decided that the President should address a joint session of Congress to request the money. At the same time, Clark decided that Enders had to go. In the process of debating what should be in Reagan's April 27 speech, Kirkpatrick urged a "Marshall Plan"—a large economic and humanitarian aid package for the region. Enders opposed it on grounds that Congress would never approve the money. Enders won the point, but fueled Kirkpatrick's hostility.

One should not weep too long over Tom Enders. Spain is a choice post—a pleasant place to live and increasingly important as a forthcoming member of NATO and the European Common Market. Getting fired after a policy dispute with hardliners probably has cleansed Enders's reputation of its Cambodia bombing stain, and when Democrats or moderate Republicans come back to power, he might even be on the short list for the highest-ranking career post in the State Department, the undersecretaryship for political affairs currently held by Lawrence Eagleburger. In watercooler handicapping around the State Department, Enders has three principal rivals for that post—Ambassador to Israel Sam Lewis, former Ambassador to Venezuela William Luers, and former Ambassador to Nigeria Thomas Pickering. Luers had wanted Spain, but Enders got it instead, and Pickering is headed off to El Salvador, a dangerous place to both persons and careers.

According to both State Department and White House officials, Enders's replacement by Langhorne Motley was designed to restore operational control over Central America policy back to State. Motley, an Alaska Republican who grew up in Brazil and had been Reagan's ambassador there, is regarded as an effective diplomat and political operator and was supported for the Enders job by both Clark and Shultz. During the time it takes Motley to staff up the Latin America bureau—Enders, doing most of the bureau's work himself, was short of deputies—Eagleburger is to oversee Latin policy for Shultz.

The replacement of Deane Hinton as ambassador to El Salvador this summer had been slated for months. Hinton once ran afoul of the White House for openly attacking human rights abuses in El Salvador, but he is generally regarded as having performed courageous service under enormous pressure. Because State wanted Negroponte to replace Hinton, Shultz reportedly recommended a "daisy chain" of diplomatic changes in Central America to the White House, including also the ambassadors to Costa Rica and Guatemala, who also were due for rotation. The White House vetoed Negroponte because it feared his confirmation hearings would turn into "a circus." Negroponte often is accused of masterminding the U.S. "secret war" against Nicaragua from his embassy in Honduras.

THE ENDERS STORY was about to leak, so Shultz announced it aboard Air Force One on the way to the Williamsburg summit. Then Hinton's departure was leaked along with the misinformation that he would be replaced by a retired admiral, Gerald Thomas, currently ambassador to Guyana. Days before, actually, Thomas had been contacted about a new post and said that he would do as the President asked, but preferred Kenya to El Salvador. Because of all the leaks and because some unidentified White House ignoramus maligned the entire foreign service in a crack to *The Washington Post* that "you don't handle Central American policies with tea and crumpets on the diplomatic circuit," it was decided to hold up on announcement of other embassy replacements.

N.S.C. aides like to represent Clark as mainly a loyal servant of Ronald Reagan, but others in the Administration say he has acquired views of his own. One State Department official points out that Clark's wife is a refugee from Czechoslovakia and that his attitudes toward communism reflects hers. "Clark and Reagan have similar

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views, not backed by much information," one Administration official said. "Jeane Kirkpatrick adds information and they all reach the same conclusion: that a Soviet-backed, Cuban-assisted effort is underway to overthrow the governments of Central America, and that because of the history of the region, the poverty and injustice, there is a great opportunity for this. They think it is central to U.S. interests that this not happen and they are not going to let it happen."

How far will the United States go? The Reagan Administration's formal policy—and obvious hope—is that large numbers of U.S. advisers or combat troops will not be necessary. Scenarios are being discussed at lower levels, though, under which one or the other might be needed. One is an imminent collapse in El Salvador. The other is an imminent victory by anti-Sandinista rebels in Nicaragua which Cuban troops were called in to prevent. The United States could counter such a move by air-sea blockade as well as insertion of troops.

It is impossible to know for sure how various actors in the Administration would array themselves in a debate about military involvement, and it's idle to speculate. It is reasonably clear, though, that on issues short of war, Clark, Kirkpatrick, and Casey want to be harder on foes both foreign and domestic—and easier on friends—than Shultz and many State Department professionals do. Top White House officials say that Shultz "has a good strong hand with the boss," meaning Reagan. But he is also reported to feel himself under pressure from Clark, who interferes in his department, and from Kirkpatrick, who is described by one aide as "a burr under his saddle" and is suspected by State Department officials of being after Shultz's job. Enders is gone, but the intrigue continues.

MORTON KONDRACKE

The politics of niceness.

SMILE HIGH CITY

Denver

Westerners like their cities sprawling and disorderly, and Denver is both. Until very recently, most forms of non-cowboy culture—including architecture, zoning, and urban planning, but not including the automobile, which has tyrannized development and smothered the city in smog—were considered un-Western here, even un-American. As a result, Denver spread out across the plains like lumpy batter on a griddle, an ugly city in a flat place. For decades the only thing Denver could think to boast of was its elevation. Not anymore. The oil boom of the 1970s left the Mile-High City with some genuine amenities—and some extravagant ambitions.

Denver already has an opera company, a film festival, its own stock market, its own prime-time TV soap opera ("Dynasty"), a bookstore (called, a bit cloyingly, The Tattered Cover) better than any in, say, Washington, and countless restored Victorian mansions. Denver is nice, but Denver would like to be—and, more astonishingly, Denver expects to be—great. At parties people discuss half-seriously whether Rome or Athens is the more appropriate model. And in the current mayoral campaign, the principal issue seems to be: Which candidate can best lead Denver to its inevitable destiny as one of the great cities of the world?

In fact, Denver's very niceness is so all-encompassing that it could almost pass as something greater. The mayoral campaign is a case in point. The mayoralty is nonpartisan; in the May 17 primary, seven candidates competed for two runoff slots without benefit of party affiliation. There was a Trotskyite, a black liberal, an Hispanic liberal, two Irish liberals, and two WASP liberals. All of them seemed intelligent, articulate, and eminently worthy of public office. The Hispanic and one of the Irish now face each other in the runoff, on June 21. The campaign consists mostly of sober public forums, of which there have been about ninety. No mudslinging, no dirty tricks, no gimmickry—just sweet reason. The citizenry is as conscientious as the candidates: despite a blizzard, voter participation in the primary was 64 percent, and will probably be even higher in the runoff. Most remarkable of all in this year of Chicago, racial and ethnic animosity has played no discernible role.

DENVER is 19 percent Hispanic, 12 percent black, and 2 percent Indian and Asian. In the primary the Hispanic candidate, who took 36 percent of the total vote, won many Anglo districts. He also carried the most heavily black district in the city, home of the black candidate. There may have been some bloc voting among Hispanics, but apparently there was none among blacks and whites. Denver would be the second city in the country to have an Hispanic mayor, but the first, San Antonio, has an Hispanic majority.

Visitors accustomed to the kind of municipal politics found in Philadelphia or Chicago find all this cleanliness hard to believe. Is this really a town without racism? Denver had a big busing fight in the late '60s and was a center of Klan activity in the '20s, so it can happen here. But this time it didn't. It's hard to tell why the Hispanic candidate, Federico Peña, did so well, but several suggestions have been made. First, the big political battles of the '70s in Denver were all environmental and the political divisions that developed then and that still remain have no racial content. Second, Denver has a demographic bias toward young professionals, who, as voters, aren't shy of minority candidates (or of liberals who promise change). Third, Peña is attractive, wealthy, and well-educated, and speaks English, his native language, with no trace of an accent. Fourth, and perhaps most important, Peña is a hell of a campaigner. He has

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probably shaken a hundred thousand hands, and his workers have rung every doorbell in the city. Peña is still Pena in *The Denver Post* and the *Rocky Mountain News*, which have not yet adjusted their typesetting equipment to the new political reality. But if you put up a sign today with nothing on it but a tilde, everyone in Denver would read "Peña."

Because everyone talks in calm, rational tones, Denverites think the campaign is issue oriented. In fact, there haven't been any issues to speak of, only personalities. All the challengers pretty much agreed about the airport (expand it), air pollution (end it), hazardous waste (clean it up), and the incumbent (vote him out).

The incumbent himself, Bill McNichols, popularly known as Mayor Bill, disagreed only on the last point. A puckish man with a dry sense of humor, he has been in office for fourteen years and is thought by many here to be the head of a political machine. When asked to give examples of this alleged machine in action, people mention things like the mayor's office sending out birthday cards at city expense. In recent years there have been occasional stories of trivial corruption in this generally well-run city—the police band giving paid performances while on duty, that sort of thing—and evidently these were enough to do in Mayor Bill. In the primary he got 19 percent of the vote and finished third, eliminating him from the runoff. If this is a machine, it compares unfavorably with the inclined plane.

Peña's opponent in the runoff is Dale Tooley, an ex-district attorney and longtime opponent of the outgoing incumbent. But it has to be said in Mayor Bill's favor that there is very little in this city—except for the city itself—that cries out for correction. Tooley will win if the voters make their choice on the basis of administrative skill alone; if they want less experience but more charisma, they'll go for Peña. I am betting on Peña, mostly because, with his inspirational approach, he caters more to the prevailing faith that Denver is headed for the pantheon of eternal cities. But no matter who wins, Denver will get an intelligent, honest mayor.

Nothing can be done about the flatness of this city and its lack of either an ocean or a decent river. Probably nothing can be done about a lifestyle that is still militantly pioneerist and outdoorsy—everyone in town seems to own two pairs of skis and a couple of big, shiny guns. Yet even a supercilious Eastern eye must look upon the politics of Denver with a certain respect. Whatever the reasons, this is a remarkably unracist campaign, and one which does not insult the voters' intelligence. Is it Athens they want? Well, with this kind of air pollution and this kind of democracy, they're off to a running start.

THOMAS TEAL

Thomas Teal, formerly on the staff of *The New Yorker*, is a Denver businessman.

No more boll weevils.

DEAD BUGS

WHEN TIM VALENTINE, a freshman Representative from rural North Carolina, arrived in Washington last January, he seemed to have all the attributes of a boll weevil: he was a middle-aged, conservative, Southern-state Democrat. But Valentine found the whole idea distasteful. "I don't care for that name," he said. And he decided against joining the Conservative Democratic Forum, the boll weevil organization in the House.

Congressman Tom Vandergriff, a wealthy former Chevrolet dealer who represents a new district in the suburbs of Dallas and is even more conservative than Valentine, also did not enlist in the C.D.F., though six other House members from Texas belong. "I might go to one of their meetings," he said. "But not as a member." And Representative Richard Ray of Central Georgia, another freshman Democrat, declared, "That group was tainted by Phil Gramm," referring to the Texas Congressman who worked closely with the Reagan Administration while he was a Democrat, then joined the Republican Party this year.

In 1981 and 1982, when the boll weevils allied themselves with President Reagan and the House Republicans to pass sweeping tax and budget cuts, they were a political group to be reckoned with. Today the boll weevils are the pariahs of Congress, rarely courted by the Republican Party or catered to by Democratic leaders. Their numbers are depleted, their ranks divided, their influence all but gone.

And they admit as much. "If you ask me if we're in bad odor, my answer is yes," said Representative Charles Stenholm of Texas, the taciturn and ideologically inflexible coordinator of C.D.F. "One of the freshman Democrats told me our well had been poisoned." Other Democratic newcomers seem to agree. Of the dozen or so freshman Democrats with conservative tendencies, not one joined C.D.F. this year. The organization is left with thirty-eight members, down from forty-seven during the 1981-82 session of Congress.

The loss of nine boll weevils in a 435-member House might seem insignificant, but it isn't. The depletion of C.D.F., coupled with the Democratic gain of twenty-six House seats in last fall's election, means the boll weevils are no longer a crucial bloc. With a 102-vote advantage over the Republicans, Democrats can now forge a majority without appeasing them. "We were the swing vote," lamented Stenholm. "We aren't today." "It's not like being part of a working majority," complained Representative Charles (Buddy) Roemer of Louisiana, a rising power among the boll weevils. "We're a real minority. I don't like it."

Even if the boll weevils had the potential votes to produce a conservative majority in coalition with Republi-

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cans, it is unlikely they could hold together as a bloc. Their unity, which was a major reason for their influence in 1981 and 1982, has dissolved. In 1981, when they worked with President Reagan to cut spending on social programs, thirty-eight of forty-seven C.D.F. members defied House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill Jr. and Majority Leader Jim Wright to vote in favor of the President's budget resolution. The Reagan resolution passed. Last March, however, only twenty-one of the thirty-eight boll weevils sided with Reagan against a Democratic budget resolution that restores many of the 1981 spending cuts. The Reagan effort failed. "The boll weevils are not a factor and will not be a factor," proclaimed Representative Tony Coelho of California, the chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee.

BUT THERE IS more to the decline and fall of the boll weevils than depleted ranks and lack of unity. Pressure from O'Neill, Wright, and other party leaders to toe the party line has increased significantly this year. The decision of Gramm, the spiritual guide of the boll weevils, to switch parties has had a dampening effect on them. So has the changed mood of Congress in 1983.

In the aftermath of the 1980 Republican triumph—a traumatic event for congressional Democrats, since the party lost thirty-three House seats and control of the Senate—O'Neill and Wright were eager to accommodate the boll weevils. Some liberals thought that they were too eager. Gramm was given a seat on the Budget Committee, for example, and Congressman Kent Hance of Texas was placed on the Ways and Means Committee. Accommodation of the boll weevils ended abruptly with the Democratic resurgence last November. O'Neill and Wright were suddenly unwilling to give boll weevils prized committee assignments. Gramm, who led the charge in 1981 for Reagan's budget cuts, was marked to be stripped of his seat on the Budget Committee, which prompted him to resign (he won reelection in February as a Republican). Representative Doug Barnard of Georgia, a C.D.F. stalwart, lost his bid for a seat on the Appropriations Committee, one he said belonged to the Georgia delegation. "He didn't get to first base," Hance said. Representative John Breaux of Louisiana was denied a seat on the Budget Committee; five Democrats with less seniority were catapulted over him. According to Hance, "They didn't give him the time of day."

Perhaps more important than the disciplining, Democratic leaders began enforcing what Gramm says is "an unwritten code" for boll weevils. It is a code that allows a conservative Democrat to vote against the leadership and even to criticize liberal Democrats back in his district with impunity, but not to work aggressively to defeat the position taken by the party in the House. "My crime in the eyes of the leadership really boiled down to the fact that I was trying to win," he said, referring to his efforts to pass Republican tax and budget cuts. Boll weevils like Roemer and Hance acknowledge that they must adjust to the code. Hance, who cosponsored the Reagan tax cut of 1981, says, "If I had continued to take a high profile against the leadership on everything that came along and failed to help the party in the election, I would have been in jeopardy [of losing my Ways and Means Committee seat]."

Eager to preserve his party credentials, Hance raised $150,000 last year for the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, and steered more funds—a lot of it oil money—to individual Democratic candidates, including some liberals. This mollified many Democrats, though not Wright. "You can't buy absolution by raising money," he grumbled. And Wright made it clear that he looks with extreme disfavor on Hance's talk about running for the Senate next year—as a Democrat, of course.

Gramm never sought to assuage his Democratic brethren, but his defection to the Republican Party has had an enormous impact on Democrats in the House. Many boll weevils found Gramm, a one-time economics professor at Texas A&M University, to be overbearing and abrasive, but he provided unwavering ideological direction for C.D.F. "He was the ringleader," said Coehlo, who is no admirer of Gramm's. Now there is no intellectual catalyst among the boll weevils. Roemer, a 39-year-old Harvard graduate from Shreveport, has emerged as a potential heir, but his conservatism is instinctual, not philosophical like Gramm's. He is more a compromiser, less an ideological prod.

TODAY MOST BOLL WEEVILS, though still professing to be conservatives, want no part of an alliance with the Reagan White House. "We believe we should work within the Democratic Party," said Stenholm. "The greatest chance of achieving what we are for is within the Democratic Party." Roemer rebuffed an invitation to join the Republican Party last year, saying, "I want to stay in the Democratic Party." Hance now says that working closely with the Republicans in 1981—he and a handful of lobbyists drafted the write-offs for the oil industry—made him feel "uncomfortable . . . I wouldn't want to do it again."

In 1981 Representative Stephen Neal of North Carolina, a moderate and member of the liberal House Democratic Study Group, felt politically compelled to join C.D.F., just to soothe constituents. "I guess I thought it would be politically helpful," Neal said. "All of us from North Carolina joined. It seemed like a good idea at the time. I rarely go to meetings. And I do not vote their way often. I have not been active." But he joined nevertheless. This year Representative Tim Valentine, more conservative than Neal, felt free to ignore C.D.F. "I have not felt the necessity to become involved with that," he said. There is, Neal explained, "a bit of a different atmosphere now."

FRED BARNES

Fred Barnes is national political correspondent for the Baltimore *Sun*.

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Why scientists find fraud so seductive.

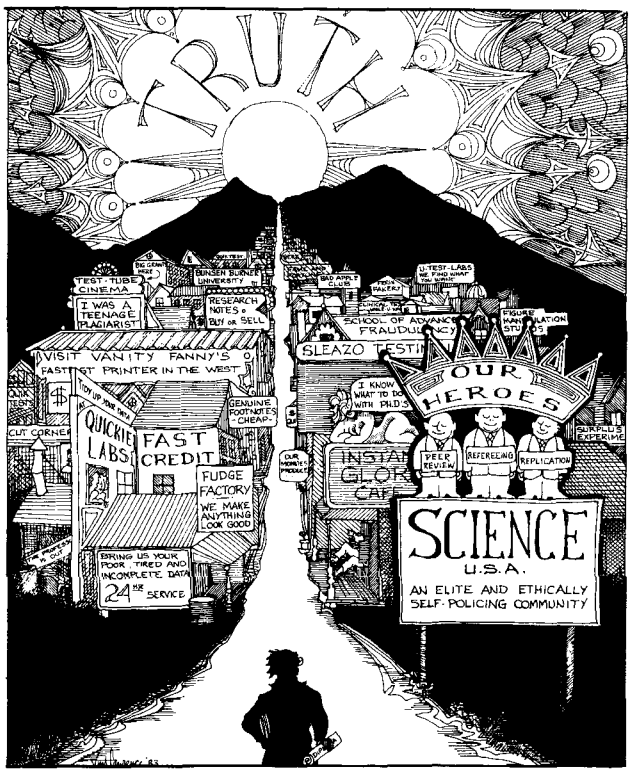
MADNESS IN THEIR METHOD

BY NICHOLAS WADE

THE SCIENTIFIC ENTERPRISE is one of the few American institutions whose inner workings have never been subjected to close public scrutiny. It has been protected by the perceived idealism of scientists and by the belief that science and technology are the engines of progress. But the cases of fraud that seem to be popping up every month or so raise uncomfortable questions about whether all is well in the scientific realm.

How could a scientist, committed to discovering the truth, even think of betraying the central principle of his profession by publishing false data? Yet fraud is by no means rare in science. Consider the record of cases reported in the last seven months alone:

December 27, 1982. Joseph H. Cort, a researcher trained at Harvard and Yale Universities, was found by a faculty committee of the Mount Sinai School of Medicine to have fabricated data on new drugs he claimed to have synthesized. The committee concluded he had done only a third of the work reported in a successful patent application. "I was under a lot of pressure and things got confused. I had to earn the money for research, or die," Dr. Cort told *The New York Times*.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

February 16, 1983. The National Institutes of Health released the report of an inquiry into a major research fraud at the Harvard Medical School. Despite persistent statements from Harvard and a blue-ribbon committee that only one minor cheating incident was involved, the N.I.H.'s inquiry established that John Darsee had probably forged all of his published work since arriving in the laboratory of cardiologist Eugene Braunwald.

March 1, 1983. Harvey M. Levin, a Philadelphia gynecologist, pleaded guilty to falsifying results of clinical trials on five proposed painkillers. The data, prepared for several leading drug companies, were used by the Food and Drug Administration in evaluating the safety and efficacy of the drugs.

March 23, 1983. The F.D.A. barred Wilbert S. Aronow from testing drugs because of false evidence he submitted about a drug for possible use against congestive heart failure. Until his resignation, Aronow was professor of medicine at the University of California, Irvine, and chief of cardiovascular diseases at the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Long Beach. Aronow is also the author of a study of carbon monoxide and heart disease which has been heavily relied on by those who work to tighten the Clean Air Act's carbon monoxide standard.

April 5, 1983. Another case of fraud was alleged at Harvard, this time at a hospital associated with the Harvard Medical School. The case concerns an unnamed research fellow, now on leave of absence, who works in the rheumatology department of the Brigham and Women's Hospital.

May 4, 1983. A psychology faculty committee at the University of North Carolina found that Arnold Rincover, a member of the department, had plagiarized a student's thesis "virtually word-for-word" in order to obtain a $723,000 grant from the Department of Education. The committee said that he had also changed details of published research to fit his proposal.

May 6, 1983. Emory University, where John Darsee

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worked before going to Harvard, announced the results of an investigation which concluded Darsee had faked eight scientific articles and forty-three research abstracts during his time there. A professor at Notre Dame, where Darsee did his undergraduate work, discovered that Darsee had forged data in two papers written for the school science journal in 1969. Darsee's career of successful fakery thus spanned fourteen years, much of it spent at two of the nation's leading centers of heart research.

May 12, 1983. A report released by the Environmental Protection Agency concluded that 737 safety tests of herbicides and pesticides conducted by Industrial Bio-Test were invalid. The tests, submitted by manufacturers to gain market approval of their products, involve 212 pesticides, or almost 15 percent of those on the market. The E.P.A. report was released during the trial in Chicago of four executives of Industrial Bio-Test, formerly one of the country's largest testing laboratories.

The occurrence of these and several other recent cases of fraud in science calls out for explanation. But little enlightenment can be gleaned from the usual spokesmen for the science establishment. "Inherent in the scientific process itself is the means by which such error is detected and rejected," Ronald Lamont-Havers, the research director of the Massachusetts General Hospital, recently explained to the House Subcommittee on Investigations and Oversight. Forgeries in science, writes the medical essayist Lewis Thomas, "can be viewed as anomalies, the work of researchers with unhinged minds."

THE SCIENCE establishment's undeviating line is founded on the following premises: (1) Science is a self-correcting system. (2) Since any fraud is bound to be detected by the internal checking mechanisms of science, only a madman would try it. (3) Therefore, the roots of fraud should be sought in individual psychopathology, not in the institutions of science—rotten apples are to blame, not the barrel. (4) Even the recent spate of cases constitute so small a proportion of all the science that goes on that fraud remains basically irrelevent.

All of these premises of this comfortably insulating hypothesis are seriously flawed. The scientific enterprise is supposed to consist of communities of scholars who rigorously check each other's work. The checking is an important part of what makes science more reliable than other kinds of knowledge, and lays the basis for science's claim to public trust. What is extremely surprising about the phenomenon of fraud in science is that the success of the standard checking mechanisms in detecting it is virtually nonexistent. Almost all cases of fraud are first brought under suspicion or exposed by other means, and only later confirmed by science's vaunted self-correcting system.

The system, briefly, has three components. The first is peer review, the committees of outside scientists that advise the government on the merit of their colleagues' applications for research funds. Peer review is widely considered to be a rigorous test, since applications must describe very fully the methods and rationale of the experiments to be conducted. When a researcher comes to publish his results, the journal to which he submits his manuscript will send it out for review by experts in the field. If the reviewers, or referees, find faults, the manuscript is rejected or returned for revision. Refereeing is the second stage of the self-correcting system. The third, and theoretically most rigorous, is replication. Once an experiment is published, other scientists are able to test its validity by trying to replicate it. But the recent crop of fraud cases was not harvested by these means.

Dr. Cort's omissions came to light only because he walked into a colleague's office one day and confessed that he had fabricated data. The falsifications of Drs. Levin and Aronow were uncovered by the F.D.A.'s drug test auditing system, a kind of external police force that does not exist in academic research. The Industrial Bio-Test scandal was also brought to light by an F.D.A. investigation, triggered when an official looking for something else pulled out a file of I.B.T. data by accident.

Dr. Darsee's fabrications were exposed because his colleagues at Harvard Medical School became suspicious of his enormous productivity. Surreptitiously observing one day, they saw him generate in a few hours data that he later presented as having been gathered over several days. Even with this massive hint that something was wrong, the Harvard authorities were strangely incapable of getting to the bottom of the affair.

Darsee's lab chiefs, Eugene Braunwald and Robert Kloner, spent five months auditing his previous research, which had formed the basis of articles published by the three of them, and informed the dean of the medical school that "No misleading results have been released from our laboratory." The dean, Daniel Tosteson, appointed a blue-ribbon committee, chaired by the dean of the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, to examine Darsee's work. This committee too concluded that "the previously published work . . . is accurate." Only through the inquiry of a genuinely independent panel appointed by the National Institutes of Health did it emerge that there were statistical implausibilities in Darsee's research that rendered all of it highly suspect. Braunwald and Kroner have now retracted the five scientific papers published under their names that were based on Darsee's data.

THAT PEER REVIEW, refereeing, and replication played no part in catching these frauds is not unusual. A recent case that exhibits the specific failure of all three mechanisms to detect significant error involves John Long, a researcher who resigned from the Massachusetts General Hospital in 1980. Long's research career was based on studying test-tube cultures of cells taken from Hodgkin's disease patients, an endeavor for which he was awarded $759,000 of public monies. A suspicious colleague discovered fraud by inspecting Long's laboratory notebooks, and another associate then established to general amazement that the test-tube cultures were not of Hodgkin's disease. Indeed, the owner of the cells was not

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even human, but a Northern Colombian brown-footed owl monkey.

Probably without Long's knowledge, his cultures of Hodgkins disease cells were at some stage contaminated and overgrown by the monkey cells. Cell contamination is a widely feared and advertised problem in biological research. Yet peer review committees twice ignored the warning signal and awarded him large research grants.

The referee system was equally helpless at spotting the problem. Long and his senior professor had articles published in leading scientific journals showing the chromosome set of their alleged Hodgkins cells. "It is immediately obvious that this is not a human cell line," a cell culture expert remarked in retrospect. But the monkey cells made monkeys of everyone. As for that most acid of tests, replication, many researchers have tried and failed to grow Hodgkins cells in culture. But no one for that reason dreamed of imputing error to Long. Replication in practice plays a very different role than that attributed to it by philosophers of the scientific method.

A scientist rarely attempts an exact replication of another's experiment. The reason is that prizes in science go for originality, and replication is by definition unoriginal. When researchers repeat their colleagues' experiments, it is generally with the idea of improving or refining on them so as to be able to claim some advance on the original finding. The failure to confirm the colleague's result is no basis for you to accuse him of fraud. You may have performed the experiment incorrectly, or done it with the wrong ingredients or at a different phase of the moon. Of all the reasons that can cause the same experiment to come out differently in two laboratories, fraud is the last that a prudent researcher will suggest.

ANOTHER RECENT case of scientific fraud, the grand plagiary of Elias Al-Sabti, illustrates a seldom-recognized feature of the scientific literature: that much of it is as unread as it is unreadable. Al-Sabti, until his public exposure in 1980, amassed an impressive bibliography of some forty-three published papers on the subject of cancer research. It was not his style, however, to endure the tedium of doing experiments. His papers were plagiaries of other scientists' articles.

Al-Sabti escaped detection by the simple expedient of publishing in the many less illustrious journals of the scientific literature that sometimes seem to serve as little more than vanity presses for their authors. He thrived so effortlessly because he published amid the throngs of scientific articles that are never checked, perhaps not even read, and which contribute little to the forward march of knowledge.

Citation analysis—the study of scientific footnotes—has shown that in physics, at least, a handful of scientists produce papers that are widely cited, and presumably influential on the field, but that many papers are cited once or never: in other words, they have little or no impact. The fact that an Al-Sabti can publish papers stolen almost word for word from other authors shows how lackadaisical are the checks applied to the less prominent reaches of the scientific literature. Al-Sabti's plagiarism was several times discovered or suspected by the institution that harbored him, but in each case he was simply asked to leave quietly and had little trouble reestablishing himself elsewhere. The pattern was broken only after a diligent reporter, William Broad, publicized Al-Sabti's methods in several articles in *Science* magazine.

Most often it is through private means—the jealousy or suspicion of a colleague, combined with egregious carelessness on the part of the forger—that fraud is detected. Science is not a self-correcting system. Its checking mechanisms are at best a crude screen, and offer little deterrent to the forger who publishes prudently unambitious claims.

BUT WHY should a scientist even contemplate faking data when he has undergone lengthy training for the sole purpose of learning to uncover the truth about nature? Modern science is a career. In addition to the disinterested pursuit of truth, scientists necessarily have another goal—the pursuit of glory, of due credit for their ideas, of the rewards and prestige that will assist in the next step up the career ladder. For the most part the two goals are complementary and reinforce each other. But competitive pressures and the opportunism of certain scientific arrangements seem sometimes to force a disjunction between the scientist's two purposes.

The peer review system awards large grants to senior scientists who use the money to employ doctoral and postgraduate students. At its best, the relationship between a professor and his students is a vital bond through which a research tradition is inculcated and handed on. But some lab chiefs pursue credit at their students' expense. To build up their list of publications, they sign their names to work of their junior colleagues even if they have contributed little to the work in question. Though happy to share the glory, the same lab chiefs are quick to distance themselves when fraud comes to light.

The younger researchers go along with the system, in part because they hope to become lab chiefs in their turn, in part because they have little recourse for complaint. For some lab chiefs, maximizing production of scientific articles becomes a goal in itself. It is scarcely surprising that in such an environment younger researchers should be tempted to shade their results, to tidy up the data so as to give the chief what he wants, and eventually even to invent data out of whole cloth.

Several of the recent cases of fraud have occurred in laboratories with a heavy emphasis on paper production. Fraud may well be a sign of stresses in the contemporary scientific enterprise, such as excessive competitive pressures and inequities in the accepted distribution of resources and credit. Fairer arrangements for crediting scientific work would help reduce cynicism and the propensities of senior investigators to exploit graduate labor for their own ends.

Another case, the writings of Sir Cyril Burt on I.Q. and

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heredity, affords a glimpse into the role played by nonlogical factors in science. Burt, an educational psychologist, worked his way to the top of his academic profession in Britain and was the first foreigner to receive the American Psychological Association's prestigious Thorndike prize in 1971. His strong belief in the overriding importance of heredity in determining I.Q. was backed by extensive batteries of psychological test reports, all presented in a lucid expository style and with an unusual mastery of statistical technique. Burt's results occupied center stage of a fierce debate for many years, yet it took an outsider, Leon Kamin of Princeton, to spot the glaring statistical implausibilities in Burt's data. These turned out to be the sign of a wholesale invention of data. "It reflects on all of us that these figures should have been in the literature of a highly contentious and important area for more than a decade before anyone went back to examine them as Kamin did. . . . That is not the way that a community of scholars should be working," a chastened psychologist remarked in retrospect.

Just as study of disease sheds light on the normal functioning of the body, so fraud offers valuable insights into the whole of science. Burt gained a commanding position in his field because he used the scientific method as a purely rhetorical tool to beat down opponents and advocate his own dogmatic ideas. Against such a weapon, the scientific community that harbored him proved defenseless.

Burt's success provides an important clue to that most important of scientific processes, the manner in which new ideas are accepted. The public, and indeed many scientists, still hold the view, propounded by the logical empiricist school of philosophers, that science is a strictly logical process, that the scientific method compels objectivity, and that logic alone determines the survival or collapse of theories. By deliberately ignoring the historical context of science, and psychological factors such as imagination and intuition, the logical empiricists inevitably painted a picture of science that would exist only in an ideal, logical empirical world.

"An important scientific innovation," said the quantum physicist Max Planck in 1936, "rarely makes its way by gradually winning over and converting its opponents. . . . What does happen is that its opponents gradually die out and that the growing generation is familiarized with the idea from the beginning." And in 1962 Thomas Kuhn described in a brilliant essay, "The Structure of Scientific Revolutions," the surprising resistance that is sometimes shown in science to original ideas. The acceptance by scientists of plausibly presented fraud and resistance to new ideas are two sides of the same coin. Rhetoric and appearance, despite researchers' vehement claims to the contrary, can play influential roles in science.

Fraud goes back to the earliest history of science. Ptolemy of Alexandria, the astronomer whose geocentric system of the universe endured unchallenged for 1,500 years, stole data from an earlier astronomer and presented them as his own observations. Isaac Newton's *Principia* laid the foundation of modern physics, but Newton reported compelling new evidence, unfortunately fudged, in later editions of the work when it failed to win acceptance among followers of his rival Leibniz. Gregor Mendel, the founder of modern genetics, buttressed his theories with data that the statistician Ronald Fisher recognized as too good to be true.

THE SPATE of recent fraud cases probably both represents a real increase and more frequent detection. Cynicism and fraud are encouraged by the careerist pressures of contemporary science. A graduate student's idealism does not always survive the discovery that the professor is not necessarily more interested in learning the truth about nature than in obtaining publishable results from his work. Some may figure they might as well misrepresent or invent data outright if that is how the system works. At the same time, others, dismayed at the behavior of their associates, are having fewer scruples at blowing the whistle than in previous years when fraud was typically dealt with privately.

How common is fraud in science? And does it matter?

The first question cannot be answered with precision, because no one knows the number of frauds that escape detection. The outright fabrication of data is probably rare, if only because of the difficulty of endowing a wholly invented experiment with verisimilitude. It is much easier to do some of the work and shade the details to give a sufficiently impressive answer. Minor fraud, such as tidying up data or selective reporting, could be relatively common in science, particularly as the chances of detection by the standard checks are so small. Fraud in science, whatever its exact frequency, is an endemic feature of the system. Cases of fraud, an N.I.H. official remarked recently to *The Washington Post*, "are cropping up so often they can't be dealt with as isolated events."

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In the testing of chemicals and drugs, fraud has an immediate consequence on public health. With the exception of cases such as Burt's, fraud in academic research is of less practical importance, since most fraudulent papers are specks in the ocean of forgotten research. The importance of academic fraud lies elsewhere, in its warning that the checking mechanisms of science are not as thorough as advertised, and that the skepticism with which we are warned to listen to experts is amply justified. For it is not the checking mechanisms that guarantee the reliability of scientific knowledge, but a more ruthless and impersonal test, that of time.

What should be done about fraud? Faking safety tests is a direct threat to public health and requires urgent corrective action, such as tighter government policing and a policy of holding companies legally responsible for the truth of the data they submit. Fraud in academic research is a different matter entirely. Measures to crack down on fraud might also bring research to a grinding halt. More important is to reduce the temptations to fraud. Protection of graduate students, more honest distribution of credit, reducing the number of vanity press journals, and raising research standards are all steps worth taking in their own right, as well as for their salutary effect in reversing the steady erosion of the academic ethos.

Fraud is tempting for that small minority in science, as in any other profession, who see advantage in cutting corners. The rewards can presumably be worthwhile, and the chance of apprehension is small. Spengler cited fraud by scholars as one of the signs of a decadent civilization. The present cases can be less ominously interpreted. Yet they are not so trivial that they can be dismissed as the work of "bad apples." Fraud in science has a lot to do with the barrel.

Internal strife, external threats.

ZIMBABWE'S FEARS

BY COLIN LEGUM

IN OLDEN TIMES, two tribes lived in the territory between the Zambezi and Limpopo Rivers: the Ndebele and the Shona. They were historic enemies who were stopped from fighting each other only by a *pax Rhodesiana* maintained by the local frontier community of white settlers. When the settlers, led by Ian Smith, were defeated in a guerrilla war, the two tribes went back to their historic quarrels. The Shona leader—a clever Marxist named Robert Mugabe—savagely repressed the Ndebele. With the help of the North Koreans, he forced their leader, Joshua Nkomo—a sympathetic and rather lovable teddy-bear figure of a man—to flee the country. Today Zimbabwe's future is in jeopardy.

This mixture of myth and fairy tale has been the stuff of the media's coverage of recent events in Zimbabwe. It bears only the slightest resemblance to the actual situation, which is much more complex—and much more interesting—than suggested by this account of just another African "tribal war."

The roots of Zimbabwe's present crisis can be traced back to the emergence of its modern nationalist movement in the late 1940s. Like all such movements it sought not only to challenge alien rule but also to create supra-tribal and supra-regional loyalties. The original African National Congress, of which Joshua Nkomo was an early leader, attracted to its membership both Ndebeles and Shonas, among others. In the early 1950s, when the A.N.C. split, each of its two wings still retained nationalist rather than tribal characteristics. Although the composition of the rank and file of the two nationalist parties changed during the period of armed struggle in the late 1960s and 1970s, the leadership of what had come to be known as the Patriotic Front remained tribally mixed and nationalist, rather than ethnic, in outlook.

Joshua Nkomo, who likes to describe himself as "the father of Zimbabwe nationalism," has been particularly severe on those of his supporters who have tried to introduce the Ndebele tribal factor into his party. At the same time, he has remained passionately unforgiving of men like Mugabe who challenged his leadership in the 1950s, and he has never reconciled himself to his party's crushing defeat in the pre-independence elections in early 1980. In his mildly affected English style of address, Nkomo has on several occasions assured me, as he has others: "My dear, I am the father of the nation; I can never be defeated; in the end I will gain that position." And he has a very clear idea about how this would be brought about—not through a coup but through a split in Mugabe's ruling party. Still, Nkomo's opponents believe, with some reason, that he has been soliciting foreign allies to back a military coup.

Colin Legum, until recently an associate editor of *The Observer* of London, is editor of *Africa Contempory Record* and of *Middle East Contempory Survey*.

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Even when both wings of the Patriotic Front were still engaged in the armed struggle with the common aim of overthrowing Ian Smith's white minority regime, each pursued its separate aim of seeking to ensure that its own side would emerge from the war as the new inheritor of power. These parallel struggles were fought with no quarter given. This was why it was never possible to integrate the guerrilla armies of the two sides, even though Nkomo's ZAPU and Mugabe's ZANU half-heartedly cooperated as political partners in the Patriotic Front, and agreed to negotiate as a team at the Lancaster House conference, which secured Zimbabwe's independence at the end of 1979.

Joined by their common war aim, but widely separated in their military and political tactics, the two liberation armies shared some foreign allies, but each also acquired special relations of its own. The choice of allies had more to do with circumstances than with ideology. Mugabe's guerrilla force, the Zimbabwe African National Liberation Army (ZANLA), having quarreled with the Zambia government, had its main training camps in Tanzania and Mozambique. Because the Chinese happened to be the main military instructors in Tanzania and, earlier on, also in Mozambique, it was natural that they should take over the training of Mugabe's guerrillas. Nkomo's Zimbabwe Independence People's Revolutionary Army (ZIPRA) was based mainly in Zambia and, later, in Angola. Because the Chinese were training Mugabe's guerrillas, the Soviets put themselves on the side of Nkomo, even though he scorns Marxism and perfectly fits the description of "bourgeois nationalist"—an attitude that also brought him important friends in the city of London, such as Tiny Rowland, chairman of the Lonrho multinational corporation. Mugabe, on the other hand, was fond of describing himself as a "Marxist of Maoist thought"—at a time when that was still O.K. in Peking.

THUS, for reasons that had nothing to do with the "objective political realities" of Zimbabwe, Moscow injected the element of Sino-Soviet rivalry into the Patriotic Front. The Soviets and their satellites provided substantial quantities of weapons for Nkomo's army—greater in both number and sophistication than those acquired by Mugabe's fighters; they trained Nkomo's cadres in Eastern Europe and later in Angola; and they provided Nkomo with substantial sums of money, much of which was not spent by the time of independence. The end of the armed struggle found Nkomo's ZIPRA not only better armed and better trained than Mugabe's army; having done much less of the bush fighting than ZANLA, it was virtually intact at its bases in Zambia and Angola. Here was a cause for suspicion: what was Nkomo planning to do with his large, unused, well-trained army? And why had the Soviets supplied him with tanks, hardly the kind of weapon useful to bush fighters? These suspicions festered in the period leading up to independence and, more especially, in early 1980 after Mugabe had succeeded in winning an outright majority in the pre-independence elections, leaving Nkomo as a minority partner with a small political base that hardly stretched beyond Matabeleland, where the Ndebele live.

But even before then, Nkomo had begun to encounter difficulties with his large, underused army in Zambia. A section of it turned to lawless behavior; and some of the younger, Soviet-trained officers mistrusted Nkomo's political tactics—not on Marxist ideological grounds, but because they feared that his commitment to nationalist politics would result in submerging the Ndebele minority under a dominant Shona political system. It was this group that first began to voice militant Ndebele tribal sentiments and to accuse Nkomo (himself only half-Ndebele) of selling out. The most prominent leader of this oppositional group was Nkomo's deputy military commander, a hot-headed, dynamic young soldier called Dumiso Dubengwa—who had had very close contacts with the K.G.B. in Lusaka, through which matters affecting military supplies and training were arranged, and whose ties to the K.G.B. remained close even after Zimbabwe's independence.

DUMISO DUBENGWA and his supporters are said to have opposed Nkomo's decision to negotiate at the Lancaster House conference because they did not wish to see the war end with their side still at a military disadvantage. There was some talk at the time that if the war developed further, Nkomo's twenty thousand-man army, spearheaded by tanks, would make a dash down the main road from Lusaka to take over Salisbury (now Harare) before Mugabe's forces could get there. Dubengwa was also opposed to Nkomo taking ZAPU into a coalition government for the sake of national unity at the time of independence; and he was even more strenuously against both fighting wings of the Patriotic Front being integrated into a single national army, and the surrender of their arms once that process was completed. In the early months after independence, most of Nkomo's weapons were still in Zambia; and so was Dumiso Dubengwa.

Three events after independence deepened suspicions in the Mugabe camp against Nkomo and his supporters. The first was the discovery of secret shipments of ZIPRA's weapons from Zambia into Matabeleland. Dumiso Dubengwa had arranged this—but was it with Nkomo's agreement? Second, Nkomo was seen to be engaged in buying up farms and motels around the two main cities, Bulawayo and Harare. The very size of the funds required for these purchases was curious; and perhaps oversuspiciously, Mugabe's people pointed out that the motels and farms being acquired were strategically placed around the two major cities, where they would be useful in the event of a military coup. Third, the former Rhodesian military commander, Lieutenant General Peter Walls, informed Mugabe that Nkomo had held secret meetings with two South African army generals at a time when Nkomo, as minister for home affairs, was in charge of police. When confronted in Cabinet with Walls's report, Nkomo explained that the purpose of his meetings was to

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discover whether South Africa would help with police training. Although this explanation was not believed by Mugabe's colleagues, nothing more was said or done at the time.

Walls had also reported that Nkomo had asked the South Africans what their reaction would be if there were a coup against Mugabe; Pretoria's reply at that time was that it had no interest in such a plan. Still, the Mugabe government remained deeply suspicious of Pretoria because they insist that about thirty-five hundred former black Rhodesian soldiers and auxiliaries were undergoing military training in South Africa, in addition to the many former white Rhodesian soldiers who had been taken into the South African Defense Force. During 1981 a number of white *ultras* were arrested in Zimbabwe charged with treason relating to sabotage and hoarding of arms. It was alleged that they had links with circles in South Africa, though it remained unclear who their contacts were. A final factor was South Africa's close and increasing support for the armed Mozambiquan National Resistance (M.N.R.), which is not only opposed to President Samora Machel, but is also accused by Mugabe of being actively engaged in sabotaging Zimbabwe's shortest communication lines to the sea through Maputo and Beira.

MAP BY KENNY GRADY FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

It was against this suspicion-charged background that caches of well-concealed Soviet arms were dug up on one of the farms owned by Nkomo at the beginning of 1981—enough weapons to arm a brigade of soldiers. Nkomo denied all knowledge of these secret arms caches. In view of his own ubiquitous intelligence agency in Matabeleland, was it really conceivable that he did not know that such huge caches of weapons were being buried on his own land?

Although pressed to put Nkomo on trial at the time, Mugabe refused on the ground that the last thing he wanted was to open up a deep tribal schism between the Ndebele and the Shona. But Nkomo's two top military commanders, Lieutenant General Lookout Masuku (who had joined the national army as one of its top three leaders) and Dumiso Dubengwa, were arrested and put on trial for treason. A letter was produced at the trial that was apparently written by Dumiso to his K.G.B. control officer in Lusaka; it asked for further Soviet military support. It had also been discovered that even after independence Soviet weapons were still being brought into Zimbabwe through Zambia. This came as a particular shock to Mugabe.

The arrest of these two top ZIPRA officers—however much it was justified by the discovery of the secret arms caches—turned out to be politically disastrous. Thousands of former ZIPRA guerrillas who had been successfully integrated into the national army began to defect to the armed dissidents loyal to Dumiso. The situation in Matabeleland deteriorated rapidly as the dissidents began attacking known government supporters regardless of tribe; taking tourists as hostages to secure the release of Lookout and Dumiso; killing white farmers; and engaging in straightforward criminal robbery.

Critical questions about Nkomo's role were raised by these developments. Was he behind the activities of the dissidents, or had he lost control over them? Nkomo's opponents were convinced that he was secretly behind the dissidents, despite his public criticism of their lawless activities. If he was genuinely opposed to the dissidents, why, with his known influence over the Ndebele people, was there no popular response in Matabeleland against the dissidents, especially since they were also dissenting from Nkomo's policies?

My own, outsider's, view is that Nkomo had long since lost control over Dumiso Dubengwa and the militants in his former ZIPRA army; and that Ndebele suspicions of the Shona buildup of power had produced a sense of alienation among them. These two developments had put Nkomo in a politically difficult situation: if he collaborated openly with the Mugabe government against the dissidents, it would give support to his critics' accusation of his being a Ndebele traitor; but by not taking the field in a more vigorous display of his disapproval of the dissidents, he increased the Mugabe government's suspicions of him.

The widespread breakdown of law and order in Matabeleland first came to international prominence last December, when a number of white farmers were killed in the area, and the local white community called for tougher military action to reestablish a sense of security. Up to then, a few battalions from the national army had been deployed in the area, but they clearly had not been very successful. The authorities said one of the reasons for their failure was that many Ndebele elements within the army had defected when they were sent on operations in Matabeleland, and had added their guns to those of the dissi-

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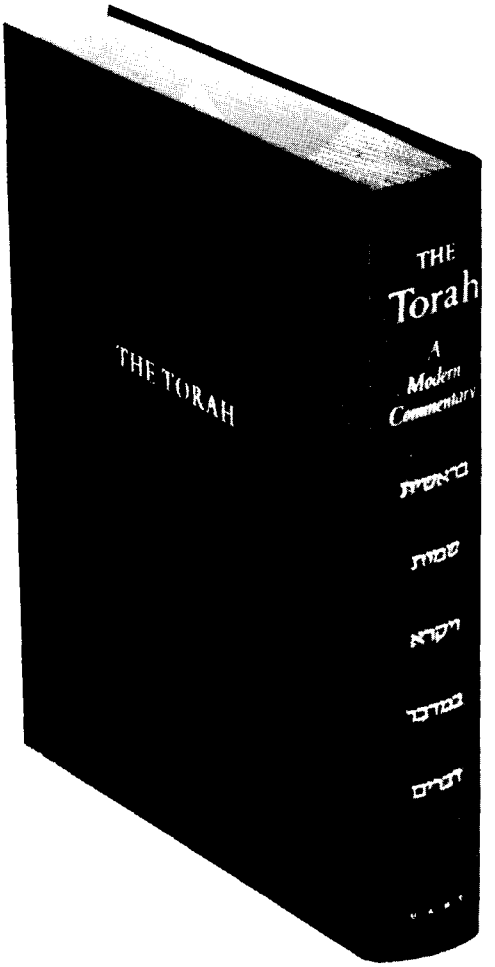

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dents. I know of no independent evidence to support or disprove this explanation of why the Fifth Brigade was chosen to put down the dissidents. The Fifth Brigade is composed entirely of people loyal to Mugabe. It was recruited and trained outside the normal framework of the national army, which is still trained by British military instructors. Its instructors are North Koreans—whom Mugabe does not regard with the same suspicion as he regards members of the Warsaw Pact. He originally established an all-Shona brigade for several reasons—suspicion of Nkomo's plans for gaining power, doubt about the loyalty of some former white Rhodesian elements in the army, and fear of a split in the national army if it ever came to a showdown with Nkomo. The Fifth Brigade, which was intended to be an elite force, had acquired a reputation for bad behavior while on duty in some Shona areas of the country. Steps were subsequently taken to bring them under proper discipline.

The decision to send a Shona-speaking army into Matabeleland was obviously risky. Faced with the problem of obtaining information from an uncooperative and probably frightened peasantry, it behaved in the ruthless way typical of all armies. The official excuse that the dissidents were the first to have begun the murders, torture, and intimidation is no justification for the atrocities committed by the Fifth Brigade. However, reports of large-scale massacres have not been substantiated, and seem to be exaggerated. The original, widely quoted figure in the media of two thousand Ndebele peasant victims has since been reduced by half; the government still stands by its estimate of about three hundred. But whatever the true figure, the military repression of the dissidents in Matabeleland was undoubtedly very severe.

Human rights aside, the important political question is whether the Ndebele can be voluntarily brought fully into a Shona-dominated political system. Are there other Ndebele leaders capable of taking Joshua Nkomo's place, and of undermining the influence of Dumiso Dubengwa and his dissidents?

THE MUGABE GOVERNMENT, though still suspicious of Moscow, is now much more alarmed about the role, actual or potential, of South Africa in Matabeleland. Matabeleland lies on the northern border of South Africa, a fact that helps to explain the tough measures taken by the Mugabe government against the dissidents. The crackdown occurred because the army leadership had become convinced that South Africa was backing the dissidents and was hoping for a situation to develop in the south of Zimbabwe similar to that in Angola, where Jonas Savimbi's UNITA dissidents have been helpful to Pretoria in establishing its strong military position in the southern part of the country. This suspicion is strengthened by Pretoria's role in building up the armed rebel Mozambiquan National Resistance, which has spread itself across one-third of Mozambican territory.

Zimbabwe's military intelligence is certain that at least a thousand Ndebele dissidents have crossed the border into South Africa, where they are being trained alongside the black and white Rhodesians who left the country after Bishop Muzorewa's electoral defeat in February 1980.

And finally, suspicions of military collaboration between South Africa and some of the former Rhodesian officers who had decided to stay on in the new Zimbabwe Army were strongly reinforced last July, when thirteen of the aircraft of the 202nd Squadron were blown up at their air base. Six white officers, including the former deputy commander of the Zimbabwe Air Force, Air Vice Marshal Hugh Slatter, were arrested at the time, and are presently standing trial in Harare on charges carrying the death penalty. Several of the accused had signed admissions of guilt while awaiting trial, but now in court they all insist that these concessions were obtained under severe torture. Their torture allegations have tended to assume central importance in the trial rather than the evidence linking the officers to the wanton sabotage, and possibly also linking them to South Africa. The trial has become a cause célèbre, and has aroused considerable interest not only in Zimbabwe, but also in Britain and South Africa. The trial judge, Enoch Dumbutshena, was himself associated with the Zimbabwe liberation struggle, but not with the forces led by Prime Minster Mugabe. He is widely respected for his sober independent-mindedness, and a completely fair verdict can be expected from him.

IT IS NOT POSSIBLE to offer any confident verdict on the Mugabe government's claim that South Africa is already throwing, or may in the future throw, its support behind a separatist movement in Matabeleland. However, it is necessary to recognize the extreme state of anxiety that now exists in Southern Africa, and which affects both the Pretoria regime and its neighbors. Each side is equally convinced that it is being "destabilized" by the other. Suspicions of the foreign role in Zimbabwe—now much more of the South Africans than of the Soviets—must be taken seriously into account in explaining the sharp escalation of violence in Matabeleland.

It is important, though, to recall that five of Nkomo's supporters still hold ministerial positions in the government; that a number of prominent Shonas remain members of ZAPU; that the President of Zimbabwe, Canaan Banana, and other key figures in the national leadership come from Matabeleland; and that, even now, there is no clear-cut tribal breakdown in the country.

Prime Minister Mugabe believes that the tide in Matabeleland has already begun to turn in favor of his ruling party and that, before long, ZANU will have succeeded in establishing its political ascendancy over the Ndebele as it has over the Shona, thus opening the way for setting up a single-party government. It is still too soon to form any positive judgment about the extent of realism in these hopes of Prime Minister Mugabe, or even to hazard guesses about the next stage in Zimbabwe's development which, for good or ill, will also crucially affect political trends in the rest of Southern Africa, especially if there should be a final breakdown in the Namibia talks.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

First Farewell

The best news about *Fanny and Alexander* is that, despite the valedictory hubbub about it, it is not Ingmar Bergman's last film. The next one, called *After the Rehearsal*, is already in post-production and may be released this fall. That announcement is very welcome. An artist's final work proves nothing about past accomplishments or eventual stature, but *Fanny and Alexander* would be a weak finish to a magnificent career.

Fanny and Alexander
(Embassy Pictures)

The worst news about *Fanny and Alexander* is that apparently Bergman conceived it, and kept thinking of it, as his last film. It's chock-full of retrospect, of "exit" atmosphere. To ensure that we don't miss this sense of Prospero's farewell to his art, he begins with a curtain going up—on a boy's puppet theater—and concludes with two theatrical sequences: a "philosophical" speech by a member of a theater family at a baptism banquet and a scene in which an actress reads a few lines from Strindberg about the power of imagination. But more disturbing than the heavily underscored summary and farewell are the intrinsic qualities of the film: the sentimentality of composition and editing, of lighting, of character and discourse, even of menace and ugliness. Most disturbing of all is the feeling of willed affirmation that lacquers the whole work.

Whence cometh the film's wistful poignancy? Bergman's previous four features were hemispheres away in tone and interest: *Face to Face*, *The Serpent's Egg*, *Autumn Sonata*, and, last and bleakest, *From the Life of the Marionettes*. Certainly no artist need sign a long-term contract with either "L'Allegro" or "Il Penseroso," as Bergman's own past shows, but the change in *Fanny and Alexander* has so adversely affected the very texture of the film that the altered mood, the uplift, seems fabricated, unsettling to him, like an unskillful and therefore insistent falsehood. That suspicion is heightened by a passage in Peter Cowie's new (and pedestrian) biography of Bergman:

> This film was conceived as Bergman pondered a comment from his friend Kjell Grede. . . . Why, asked Grede, when Bergman so obviously loved life and found parts of it so amusing, did he consistently produce gloomy and depressing movies?

To this philistine and obtuse question, Bergman seemingly felt he had to respond—with *Fanny and Alexander*.

As the center of this smile-and-tear adieu, Bergman chose a theater family in a provincial Swedish town in 1907. The town, though unnamed, is Uppsala, where he was born. The period gives him chances for nostalgic décor and for the statement of hopes that are fraught with amiable rue. The theatrical sphere fits a man who has spent most of his career there. The first two elements, town and décor, he handles well; the theatrical ambience is a disappointment. It could have been done by someone who has never set foot in a theater. Bergman gives us clichés about the private lives of actors versus their public personae, the great world versus their little world, the more achievable reality within a smaller, controlled universe. Not one word spoken about the theater, not one scene of rehearsal or performance (there aren't many) carries a touch of fresh insight or of authenticity.

The film is more than three hours long, plus intermission, which is a bad sign to begin with. Bergman, at his best, works succinctly; epic length suggests inflation, rhetoric. (*Scenes From a Marriage*, much of it fine, ran almost three hours, but this was a condensation of a six-part TV series. When it was shown in six one-hour parts on PBS, all of it was fine.) *Fanny and Alexander* is only partially the story of Fanny and Alexander: it's about them *and* their family and the family's friends. The head of the family is Grandmama, who is a widowed actress, her three sons and their wives, and her two grandchildren, the title characters, who are about nine and eleven. The children's parents are Grandmama's oldest son, a theater manager and actor, and his actress-wife—though it's only at the end that we learn about her acting.

Grandmama herself is a pastiche of innumerable matriarchs. Her first son is a good manager but a bad actor; his wife is virtually uncharacterized. Her second son is a failed professor of some kind with a German wife: Bergman's attempt to characterize him is hothouse Chekhov and the misery in this marriage is hothouse Bergman. Her third son is a businessman who revels in the theatrical environment of his family and who loves life. (I've rarely seen a man laugh so much in a film.) He has a buxom, compliant wife and a buxom, compliant mistress, one of the housemaids, who is lame. These four family groups occupy separate apartments in the same huge, palatial building. Provincial theater folk evidently lived extremely well in turn-of-the-century Sweden.

Two other characters figure prominently. Isak Jacobi, an old Jewish dealer in antiques, is an old friend of the family and was once Grandmama's lover.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Breathless. Godard's famous film transformed into a lesser but electric U.S. version today. Richard Gere slams the whole thing home.

The Draughtsman's Contract. Peter Greenaway wrote and directed this elegantly vicious anticomedy set in Restoration England. Unique and unmissable.

Monty Python's The Meaning of Life. W. H. Auden said he would not sit down to dinner with anyone who disliked Bellini's operas. Don't ask me over unless you like Monty Python.

The Return of Martin Guerre. Based on a true incident of sixteenth-century France. Story good, Gerard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye better, historical re-creation best.

SK

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(According to the screenplay published by Pantheon—which, as usual, differs markedly from the finished film—her maiden name was Mandelbaum, not mentioned on screen.) Edvard Vergérus, who bears a familiar Bergman surname, is the bishop of the town and gradually slides into the center of the story.

Fairly early in that story, the theater manager, father of the title characters, dies after a stroke. (What happened to Bergman's subtlety? The man is stricken while rehearsing the Ghost in *Hamlet*.) In a year or so, his widow marries the bishop and, with her two children, moves into his house. The bishop, his mother, and his sister are cold and piously domineering, and their house is furnished with aggressive spareness. (In fact the bishop's house, rather than seeming repellent, as intended, is almost pleasant after the overstuffed rooms of the theater family.) The central drama is the encounter between the new environment and the actress and her children, the collision of a rigorously moral world, built on absolutes, and people used to an open, good-hearted, accommodating world. The climax of the story is Isak's rescue of Fanny and Alexander from the bishop's house and the subsequent escape of their mother. Much of the material before, during, and after these episodes is heady stuff, deriving more from Gothic romance than theatrical melodrama.

THE FILM is as egregiously upholstered as the theater family's residence. The sighing scene between the aged ex-lovers; the thunder-and-lightning at appropriate moments; the shots of a rushing stream to cover time lapses; the scene in which the old lady looks at old photos; the scene in which Alexander walks at night through Isak's shop hung with grinning scary puppets—these are all shocking platitudes. The autobiographical bits are there to be noticed: the bishop (Bergman's father was a clergyman in Uppsala), the statue of the female nude that moves for Alexander (which Bergman once said he imagined as a boy), the puppet theater and magic lantern (things he has often talked about). Bergman also employs the mystical, which he has done before but not so arbitrarily. The dead manager reappears to his mother and to his children, and they converse with him as if they expected him. When Isak abducts the children from the bishop's house, he invokes some sort of magic which fools the bishop and which the children's mother understands. I didn't. And I didn't understand why Isak's two nephews are made to seem homoerotic toward Alexander or why the younger, demented nephew is played by a woman.

The casting has other problems. The manager is Allan Edwall, a long-time Bergman colleague, who is not a fount of appeal. The possible pathos in his death and ghostly return is damagingly muted. His sybaritic younger brother is Jarl Kulle who played the leading male roles in two of Bergman's poorest films, *The Devil's Eye* and *Now About These Women* and is still conceitedly phony. Bergman's latest discovery, Ewa Fröling, who plays the manager's widow and the bishop's wife, has been called a new Liv Ullmann. *Magari* (which is Italian for "She should live so long").

Erland Josephson and Gunn Wallgren are pleasant as Isak and Grandmama. Jan Malmsjö is directly, and aptly, out of Dickens as the wickedly righteous bishop. Pernilla Allwin and Bertil Guve are all right in the title roles. (But why is the boy made up to look like wax fruit in closeups?) Harriet Andersson, whose Bergman career began

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in 1952 and has grown and varied as she has grown and matured, plays a crabbed, spying maid in the bishop's house. Andersson is vividly cranky, but her performance is helped by what we know of her.

At a testimonial celebration for a distinguished filmmaker, they often show a collage drawn from his works. In a way Bergman has done the job for himself here, by assembling new treatments of old themes, by interlacing a lot of self-references. It's almost offensive to stipulate that much of *Fanny and Alexander* is made with consummate skill; it's more pertinent, in his case, to mourn that so much of it is flaccid (like the long wanderings of Alexander in the first sequence), that so much is bloated or stale, and that Sven Nykvist's cinematography, often miraculous in the past, is here not much more than competent. I'm glad that this is not to be Bergman's last film, not because it is far from his best—his career has always fluctuated—but because it introduces a jarring element in his work: insincerity.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Love From Two Sides of the Ocean

Passion by Peter Nichols (Longacre) was originally called *Passion Play* until the American producers noticed that Jerzy Kosinski had already called a novel by that name. The title change is responsible for an unintentional irony. These characters, despite their perpetual bed chat and obsessive sexual intrigues, have all the passion of a flat egg cream. More excited by guilt and recrimination than by sexual feeling, they suggest hungers which are religious rather than erotic. On its surface, *Passion* is a three-cornered relationship between a middle-aged, middle-class restorer of paintings in the middle of a middle-life crisis, his menopausal wife, and an amoral young photographer who prefers the embraces of older married men. Its triangular subject matter and edgy tone may remind you of *Betrayal*, another in that catalogue of bourgeois adultery plays which have become staples of the West End stage in Maggie Thatcher's England, and like Pinter, Nichols tries to charge the dead batteries of his domesticated characters through technical devices. Pinter moved his characters back through time; Nichols prefers to split his characters, an innovation that seemed awkward and dated when Eugene O'Neill first used it (fifty years ago!) in *Days Without End*.

Passion
by Peter Nichols

Fool For Love
by Sam Shepard

James (Bob Gunton) loves his wife, Eleanor (Cathryn Damon), but can't keep his hands off nubile Kate (Roxanne Hart). When Eleanor learns of the affair by intercepting a letter, James promises to conclude it. Enter Jim (Frank Langella), James's laconic doppelganger, to inform us he has no intention of giving up his new-found pneumatic bliss. What follows is a sequence of amorous subterfuges, discovered in time by Eleanor through more letter dramaturgy; in revenge, she develops her own alter ego (Nell, played by E. Katherine Kerr). Eventually, Kate suggests that all three of them (all five of them?) engage in what Jim calls a "sandwich." But when the play's sexual experimentation proves as tentative as its formal advances, the evening ends with a failed suicide attempt by Nell, after which Nell (but not apparently Eleanor) walks out on James—and all the others.

The whole thing reminded me of a sour Auden poem which I can't locate and won't quote correctly about Jack loving Jill and Jill loving Bill and Bill having the hots for Sam—but it is D. H. Lawrence who best characterized works of this sort when he indicted those writers of sick Christian consciousness for their cerebral sexuality. The adulterous James excuses his desire for Kate as "a flash of happiness before the void," but it is the void not the flash that really excites Nichols, just as it is the hidden iconography (James touches up crucifixion portraits, the bridge music consists of selections from requiems and masses, the play ends with a Christmas celebration) that most galvanizes his imagination. *Passion*, as split as its characters, can't make up its mind whether to be a sex comedy or a metaphysical drama, *Private Lives* or *The Cocktail Party*, and as a result ends up as neither—an unintegrated species of dramaturgical doodling.

So does Marshall Mason's production. John Lee Beatty's geometric setting, constructed of staircases and mansards, is too specifically domestic to transform into the variety of locations required by the script, and much of the acting is generalized. Bob Gunton, too young for James, has an uninflected basso which makes him seem to be singing recitative instead of speaking dialogue, and Cathryn Damon uses a vocal instrument associated less with housewives of the 1980s than with actresses of the 1940s. Roxanne Hart, tricked out in an assortment of lingerie as the lubricious Kate, flounces around the stage like an animated Barbie doll. Frank Langella's bemused narcissism, blended through a voice of squashed grapes, is a nice antidote to Gunton's stiff braying, but nobody, apart from E. Katherine Kerr, really inhabits his role, or persuades us that any vital juices are actually flowing through the desiccated atmosphere.

By contrast, there's no doubt about the animal juices in Sam Shepard's *Fool For Love*, now ensconced at the Circle Repertory in its original San Francisco Magic Theater production. The play steams, sweats, and trails a wet spoor on the stage. Set in another junk landscape—a rundown motel room on the edge of the Mojave desert—*Fool For Love* is the latest in that series of hyper-realistic lower middle-class family dramas that Shepard has been writing since *Curse of the Starving Class*. In all

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these plays, the realism proves to be illusory, the fifth dimension of people from a different space-and-time zone, though they share the rivalries, enmities, passions, and recriminations of us all.

ANDY STACKLIN's design is one of the simplest, and most eloquent, yet to be seen on the usually overloaded small stage of the Circle Rep, a three-sided sculpture of unwashed windows and walls, furnished with an unmade bed and a formica table, with a glimpse of a red bathroom. This is no Best Western motel, but rather a desolate isolated flophaven adjacent to a parking lot. It is another Shepard effort to turn junk culture into mythology, and as soon as the lights come up (accompanied by a country-western song) revealing a woman sitting on the bed with her head bent to her knees, a man in jeans and silver-taped boots kneading a leather saddle, and an older man watching them both from a rocking chair on the edge of the set, we are instantly in the grip of Shepard's mythmaking. "Some Ovaltine?" asks the younger man. She shakes her head, then smacks him across the face: "You smell . . . pussy." He rushes out of the room, slamming the door behind him as if he had detonated a bomb, which proceeds to explode and reverberate.

The man is Eddie, an itinerant desert rat, rodeo bum, and stunt man, and the girl, we later learn, is his halfsister Mae. He has returned to resume an affair which has been going on for fifteen years, though she is resisting his effort to take her to Wyoming ("What's up there?" she asks, "Marlboro men?")—like all the great unlawful romances, this love is marked by jealousy, remorse, anger, finality, danger, and sheer orneriness. While the old man watches from his rocker, taking generous slugs from a bottle of Jim Beam, Eddie and Mae reenact a history of passion and violence, grinding their bodies together to create a fierce mortar of lust, then breaking apart when she knees him in the balls, in that alternation of submission and rejection which forms the rhythm of the play.

Each has another lover. Eddie's current mistress is a countess, who pursues him in a black Mercedes, first lashing the windows of the room with her headlights, then breaking the windows of Eddie's horse truck and setting it on fire. Mae, in turn, is being courted by Martin, a simpleminded and credulous rube. Snapping Martin's galluses and pulling at his retractable keys, Eddie eventually tells him the story of his incestuous love, while the old man—the dead father Eddie shares with Mae—looks on and adds his ghostly commentary.

There is nothing very thick or complicated about either the characters or the plot, and the ending lacks resolution. But *Fool For Love* is not so much a text as a legend, not so much a play as a scenario for stage choreography, and under the miraculous direction of the playwright, each moment is rich with balletic nuances. Eddie, drunk on tequila, starts crashing off walls and lassoing bedposts ("So now we're going to get real mean and sloppy," observes Mae), and, describing to Martin how he and his father walked the distance to the house where he first saw Mae and "knew they would never stop being in love," Eddie rehearses that youthful journey by marching Martin around the motel room. Every light and sound cue, every piece of business, every prop, every pause, the way the set has been constructed to withstand physical shock, the reverberant echo of its eerie doors, all testify to the skill and care Shepard has brought to his script, and suggest that he now may be not only America's leading playwright, but one of our most imaginative directors as well, a genuine theater auteur. Most of Shepard's previous plays have received good productions in various theaters, but henceforth it will be as difficult to conceive of *Fool For Love* in the hands of another director as to think of someone else choreographing a Balanchine dance.

THE ACTING of this Magic Theater production is savage and powerful. To Eddie, Ed Harris brings a lurking, muscular, slightly bowlegged swagger that recalls the young Robert Duvall; Dennis Ludlow has a modest simplicity in the Noah Beery-inspired role of Martin; and Will Marchetti is wiry and boozy as the Old Man. But it is Kathy Baker, as Mae, who embodies the steam and ferocity of the situation, displaying in her vaguely Indian features the stoic heartbreak of a fateful, inescapable passion. Together with her director, and the rest of this fine company, she manages to exalt what in other hands might have been a slight, unfinished script into an elegiac myth of doomed love.

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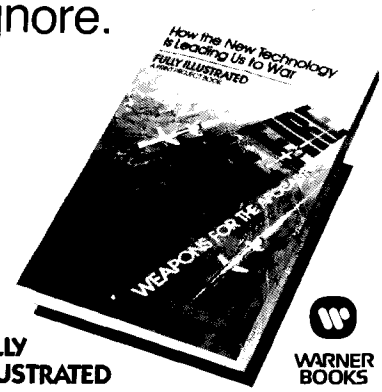

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THE VETERANS' ORDEAL

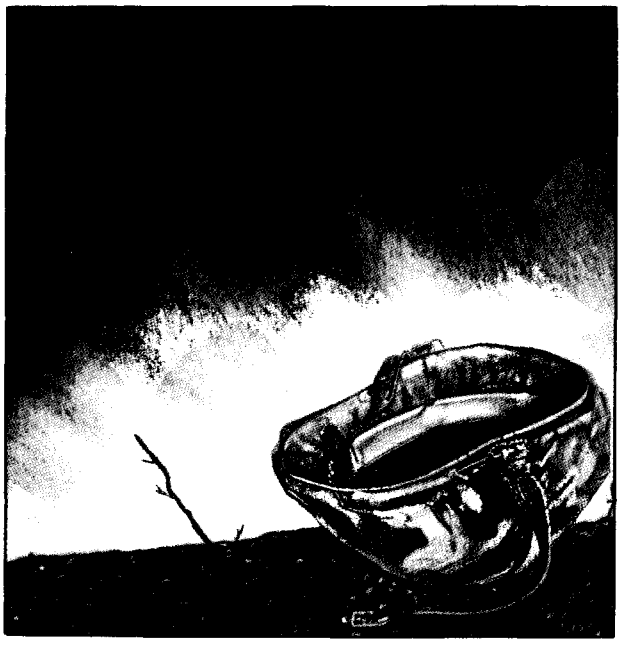
Waiting for an Army to Die: The Tragedy of Agent Orange by Fred A. Wilcox

(Random House, 222 pp., $15.95; Vintage Books, $6.95 paper)

BY C.D.B. BRYAN

ON MAY 12 this year, in Uniondale, Long Island, Federal District Judge George C. Pratt Jr. agreed to hear a lawsuit brought by some twenty thousand Vietnam veterans, their widows and children against several chemical companies, including Dow Chemical, that produced the herbicide Agent Orange. Judge Pratt ruled the case should go to trial on the grounds that there was enough evidence that Dow, along with four smaller chemical manufacturers, might have withheld from the government crucial information on the dangers of Agent Orange, the defoliant used principally to deny the enemy cover by destroying jungle growth in Vietnam. Victor John Yannacone Jr., the attorney representing the veterans, their widows and children in their four-year-old class action suit said, "We won an important victory today. If the judge had dismissed us, we would have been finished." Over the past thirty years the Supreme Court has consistently ruled against soldiers seeking to sue the government. If the suit against the chemical companies had been dismissed Yannacone said that legal claims involving Agent Orange would have ended. Because of the large number of depositions that must be taken, the trial is not expected to start for at least a year.

In *Waiting for an Army to Die: The Tragedy of Agent Orange* Fred A. Wilcox writes that John Yannacone became involved in the class action suit in August 1978 when he accepted a luncheon invitation from a group of Long Island attorneys who wanted to discuss the Paul Reutershan case. Reutershan, the lawyers told Yannacone, was a young Vietnam veteran who never drank or smoked; he considered himself a "health nut" but was dying of cancer. As a helicopter pilot in Vietnam he had flown through herbicidal mists on numerous occasions, and he believed that his exposure was responsible for his terminal cancer. He had filed a $10 million damage claim against Dow Chemical and two other Agent Orange manufacturers.



BY DON GATES FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

I met Paul Reutershan five years ago when he was invited by a Connecticut Vietnam Veterans group to speak at a sparsely attended Memorial Day ceremony honoring Vietnam veterans held on a lawn outside the State Capitol in Hartford. On that brisk sunny Monday afternoon in late May Reutershan stood up before us and in his soft voice spoke of his service in Vietnam and of how, because of his exposure to Agent Orange, he now had cancer of the colon, liver, and abdomen. "I died in Vietnam," he said, "but I didn't even know it." He had used that same statement earlier when he was interviewed for "The Today Show." He used it often that year as he tried to alert the nation to the hazards of Agent Orange. On December 14, not quite seven months after that Hartford Memorial Day, 28-year-old Paul Reutershan was dead from his cancers. Three weeks before his death Reutershan received his first and only disability check from the Veterans Administration; he had been too weak to sign it. Two days after his death the V.A. notified Reutershan's mother that the check was to be returned.

Veterans have had few victories so far in their struggle to deal with Agent Orange. Not only have the chemical companies resisted their claims and questions, but the Veterans Administration has been less than helpful as well. Victor Yannacone puts it more strongly than that; the V.A., he says, has been "malevolently vicious in its treatment of Vietnam combat veterans." He accuses it of behaving "like the most dangerous enemy the veteran has come in contact with since leaving Vietnam." Reading *Waiting for an Army to Die*, one learns of the Agent Orange exposed Vietnam veteran who enters a V.A. hospital asking to be examined for bladder or liver cancer and is given a psychiatric examination instead. Wilcox reports the veterans' anger at the refusal of Max Cleland, former director of the V.A., to question whether there might not after all be some connection between exposure to Agent Orange and all those kidney, bladder, colonic, and testicular cancers Vietnam veterans are

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C.D.B. Bryan is the author of *Friendly Fire* (Putnam). His new novel, *Beautiful Women, Ugly Scenes*, will be published this August by Doubleday.

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suffering; all their severe chloracne rashes, piercing migraine headaches and recurring bouts of nausea, vomiting, dizziness, and diarrhea; all the violent rages, mood swings, memory lapses; the numbness, shortness of breath, intolerance to alcohol; all the sudden debilitating weight losses, photosensitivity, premature aging suffered by tens of thousands of American and Australian and North and South Vietnamese veterans of that war.

THE MAJOR service Fred A. Wilcox provides in *Waiting for an Army to Die* is the compilation between two covers of so much material about dioxin, the toxic chemical contained in Agent Orange. With some careful editing and solid self-restraint, however, his book would have been stronger. Tolstoy wrote, "I have found that a story leaves a bigger impression when it is impossible to tell which side the author is on." The tragedy of Agent Orange is such an emotional and complicated topic that the author must rely on his material, rather than on his interpretation of it, to make his point. In his introduction Wilcox tells us that he "traveled thousands of miles," read "stacks of documents," and "[spoke] with hundreds of people about Agent Orange." He

> interviewed scientists who have spent years researching the effects of dioxin on laboratory animals; veterans who are suffering from one or more of the symptoms associated with dioxin exposure; veterans' wives who have suffered repeated miscarriages or given birth to children with multiple birth defects; women living near Alsea, Oregon, whose complaints were instrumental in getting the E.P.A. to suspend certain domestic uses for 2,4,5-T; lawyers for veterans who are suing the chemical companies; and many others.

"I have concluded," Wilcox continues, "that in a very real sense we are all Vietnamese to the chemical companies, who feel their annual profits are more important than the health of human beings." Yes, but nowhere in the book do I find any evidence that he interviewed any representatives from the chemical companies, nor for that matter, from the V.A.

Why is the V.A. behaving the way it is? In December 1978 the National Veterans Law Center, acting on behalf of the National Association of Concerned Veterans, wrote to the V.A. suggesting that the agency conduct a comprehensive outreach program in an effort to lo-

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cate veterans who might be suffering from "unusual health problems" and to encourage those veterans to visit regional V.A. hospitals for a complete medical examination. In addition, the N.V.L.C. questioned the V.A. policy of denying all Agent Orange disability claims in the light of the V.A.'s acknowledgement that it "did not have adequate information on exposure for causation to decide intelligently the merits of these claims." On May 30, 1979, Max Cleland (then V.A. director) rejected the N.V.L.C.'s suggestion. According to Cleland, establishing an outreach program would only create "needless anxiety."

Cleland also instructed the V.A. to deny all claims for service-incurred disability due to Agent Orange exposure since it might take "another decade" before scientists can be sure dioxin adversely affects human health. Cleland is no longer director of the V.A., but his ghost lingers on. The V.A.'s rationale continues to be that too little is known about the effects of dioxin on human health to justify the veterans' claims that their exposure to Agent Orange is creating serious health problems.

ON MAY 6, 1981, Dr. William Jacoby, deputy chief medical director, Department of Medicine and Surgery of the Veterans Administration, told a congressional hearing,

> I wish to state at the very outset that from the time this [Agent Orange] issue first began to emerge, the V.A. has taken a leading role in the government's effort to keep abreast of the problem. It is largely because of this visible, and therefore perhaps vulnerable, position that the V.A. has at times come under heavy criticism. I would submit, however, that despite perceptions to the contrary, this agency has remained faithful to its primary mission as the true advocate of the veteran. . . . The V.A. has made every effort and has embarked on a series of bold initiatives in an attempt to respond to the many and varied concerns of our Vietnam veterans' beneficiaries as they relate to the issue of Agent Orange.
>
> Further we are firmly committed to the policy that all veterans reporting for examination and participation in our Agent Orange Registry will be treated with the dignity and respect to which they are entitled. Every effort is made to ensure that from the time the veteran first enters a V.A. facility, to the conclusion of the physical examination, the experience is one which responds to medical or other needs in a compassionate manner.

Many Vietnam veterans deny this. About one hundred fourteen thousand veterans have been examined as part of the V.A.'s Agent Orange Registry Examination, approximately 3 percent of those who served. Testifying before the New York State Temporary Commission on dioxin, one Marine referred to the Agent Orange Registry examination as "a fraud, a fake, an exercise in stupidity." Others testified that the examination was cursory at best, with little or no attempt on the part of the V.A. to contact veterans and inform them of the result of the examination.

SPEAKING FOR the V.A., Dr. Alvin Young, special assistant for environmental services, reports that among the Vietnam veterans examined, the V.A. doctors have found 130 different types of health problems that fall into five categories: psychiatric, dermatological, reproductive, neurological, and cancer. What is the V.A. doing about this?

It is asking for patience. Traditionally a research and traumatic shock treatment facility accustomed to dealing with injuries stemming from battlefield wounds, the V.A. now finds itself confronted with injuries and illnesses arising from more subtle problems such as chemical poisoning. According to Dr. Young, the federal government has commissioned twenty-six human health studies, including: five cancer studies; a study of identical twins, one of whom served in Vietnam and one who didn't, due in 1985; a large mortality study of sixty thousand deaths of Vietnam era veterans, due in 1984; and a major birth defect study being conducted by the Centers for Disease Control, which will be released next fall. Dr. Young points out that the V.A.'s authority is limited by Congress. If these studies and tests bear out the veterans' claims, Young says, then the government will assume the responsibility for doing what needs to be done.

Many veterans see these studies as simply more delaying tactics. Upon reading that some of these projects would not be completed for another five years, Ronald Anderson, one of the veterans Wilcox interviewed, responded, "Five years, five more years. I think I have got it now. I think we've all got it now. They are just waiting. They are waiting for us all, every fucking one of us, to die." It is the anger and frustration and illness and fear of Ronald Anderson and all those like him that make the veterans angry with the V.A.'s handling of this issue.

Senator Alan Cranston, Democrat of California, who as chairman of the Senate Veterans Affairs Committee managed the 1979 bill requiring the V.A. to conduct an epidemiological study on the effects of exposure to Agent Orange, summed up the anger this way:

> The denial of almost all Agent Orange claims by the V.A. is viewed by some veterans as suggestive that a deliberate cover-up or irresponsible action by the federal government is being carried out in much the same way as information about the adverse health effects from radiation was withheld from nuclear weapons test participants in the 1950s and 1960s.

Did the government know what the hazards were for humans who were exposed to Agent Orange? That is the issue to be resolved in the class action suit brought against Dow Chemical and the other companies. According to Judge Pratt, in order for the veterans to prove that they have a legitimate claim against the chemical companies, they have to demonstrate that the chemical companies knew more about the dangers of Agent Orange than they told the federal government. According to Dow, what information it had on the hazardous effects of Agent Orange was given to the Department of Defense; therefore, liability for how the product was used lies with the government.

How honest has Dow been with the government? Wilcox notes:

> At the first "Defoliation Conference" sponsored by the Department of Defense and attended by several chemical companies (including Dow and Monsanto), General Fred J. Delmore, commanding general, U.S. Army, Edgewood Arsenal, told the companies' representatives that the Department of Defense wanted to make sure that whatever it used for defoliants would be "perfectly innocuous to man and animals and at the same time will do the job." Albert Hayward, chief of the program coordination office of Fort Detrick, told the conference that "It goes without saying that the materials must be applicable by ground and air spray, that they must be logistically feasible, and that they must be nontoxic to humans and livestock in the area affected." In a 1964 press release Dow asserted that its 2,4,5-T was absolutely nontoxic to humans and animals, but by 1965 the company confirmed it contained T.C.D.D. [dioxin]. Dow also said it had not informed the U.S.D.A. or

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the D.O.D. that it had discovered 2,4,5-T to be contaminated with T.C.D.D.

In 1979 Yannacone and his associates served notice on the chemical companies to come up with any and all documents relating to 2,4,5-T and their knowledge of dioxin. These documents make clear Dow knew as early as 1957, and perhaps as early as 1955, that during the process of synthesizing the chemical mixture that makes up the herbicide Agent Orange (50 percent 2,4-Dichlorophenoxyacetic acid and 50 percent 2,4,5-Trichlorophenoxyacetic acid) a minute quantity of T.C.D.D. dioxin is produced instead of the chemically related herbicide. Among the documents Yannacone and his associates found were memoranda concerning a closed meeting that took place on March 24, 1965, at Dow's Midland, Michigan, headquarters. In a front-page article that appeared this past April 19 in *The New York Times*, David Burnham reported that this meeting was attended by eight of Dow's senior scientists and six officials of Hooker Chemical, Diamond Alkali Company (later a part of Diamond Shamrock), and the Hercules Powder Company. A representative of the Monsanto Chemical Company, though invited, did not attend.

According to Burnham, C.L. Dunn, a chemist and manager for regulatory affairs with Hercules, attended the meeting and in a memorandum written two days later summarized what Dow had told the other chemical company representatives as follows: "Dow says that examination of their own and their competitors' 2,4,5-T products contains what they call 'surprisingly high' amounts of the toxic impurities." Dunn's memorandum, referring to the results of tests done on rabbits, continues,

> in addition to the skin effect, liver damage is severe, and a no-effect level based on liver response has not yet been established. Even vigorous washing of the skin fifteen minutes after application will not prevent damage and may possibly enhance the absorption of the material. There is some evidence it is systemic.

Four months later, Dr. John Frawley, the chief toxicologist for Hercules, who also attended the Midland meeting, received a follow-up telephone call from Earl Farnum, a Dow executive, who said he was calling on behalf of Donald Baldwin, a Dow vice president. Burnham reports that in Dr. Frawley's confidential memorandum regarding that telephone call Dr. Frawley wrote that Farnum

> stated that Dow was extremely frightened that this situation might explode. They are aware that their competitors are marketing 2,4,5-T which contains "alarming amounts" of acnegin [dioxin] and if the government hears about this the whole industry will suffer. They are particularly fearful of a congressional investigation and excessive restrictive legislation on the manufacture of pesticides which might result.

Dow never did tell the Defense Department about the dioxin contamination during the war nor has it told the V.A. to date how toxic it knew the dioxin contaminent to be.

How serious was Dow's failure to inform the government? By 1970, when the Department of Defense succumbed to worldwide pressure and mounting scientific evidence that 2,4,5-T caused malformations and stillbirths in animals, it is estimated that eleven million gallons of Agent Orange had been sprayed in Vietnam and 4,119,960 acres had been defoliated. That eleven million gallons of Agent Orange contained maybe 370 pounds of dioxin in all—an insignificant amount, one would think, were it not known that a one part per 20-billion dose of dioxin ingested by a young, male rhesus monkey killed it in twelve days.

In February 1979, as a result of its findings that there is *no safe level* of ex-

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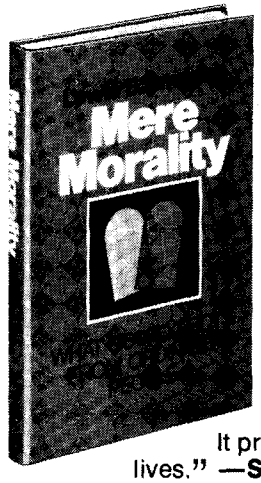

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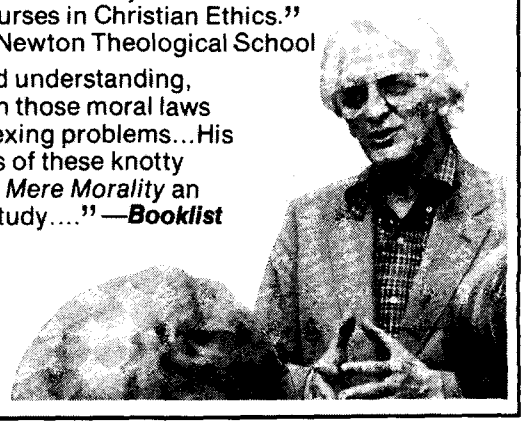

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posure to dioxin, the Environmental Protection Agency banned most domestic uses of 2,4,5-T. (It is still being used in rice fields, on range lands, and in industrial areas to control weeds.) Before the E.P.A. action, the government estimated that each year some four *ounces* of dioxin had been sprayed across the United States. In general, the Agent Orange sprayed in Vietnam was twenty times more contaminated with dioxin than that which the E.P.A. banned. And it was sprayed over and over again. Harvard researcher and dioxin expert Matthew Miselson calls it "The most toxic small molecule known to man."

Wilcox has interviewed veterans who were exposed to this chemical, and their anguish and suffering help us to understand how serious the hazard of Agent Orange may be.

Ron DeBoer was an infantryman with the 17th Air Cavalry. From April 1968 to April 1969, he and his unit searched for and engaged in combat with enemy units in the Central Highlands of South Vietnam. He humped across land that appeared to have been bombed and napalmed with such ferocity that the earth lay barren, entire sides of mountains were scorched away. But DeBoer and his unit thought it odd they saw no bomb craters. They thought it odd, filled their canteens and washed themselves with the water in pools and streams, and continued on. For months afterward DeBoer had terrible headaches and his skin, as well as that of nearly every member of his platoon, was hideously discolored with what they called the "creeping crud." DeBoer attributed his headaches to stress and the skin problems to the terrible heat and infrequent bathing. He was aware that the ground he had covered had been defoliated, but he didn't worry. The Army had told the men that Agent Orange was "relatively nontoxic to man and animals." Ten years after he came home DeBoer discovered he had testicular cancer, a form so rare it affects only six out of every 100,000 males between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four. DeBoer became determined to search out the other members of his platoon to see if they too were suffering from any strange ailments. The Army would not help him with addresses unless he filed for them under the Freedom of Information Act, but he was able to track down six of his former platoon members on his own. Of the six he located, five had had dead or deformed children, cancer, gastritis, hypertension, and liver problems.

Joe Naples's chloracne rash was so bad an examining doctor thought he had been burned by a flamethrower. Now his rashes have worsened and he suffers from dizziness, memory lapses, and photosensitivity. Naples has had two sons born since the war. The first was born with webbed toes and suffers from seizures, learning disabilities, hyperactivity, has an abnormal EEG and wakes up nights screaming. Naples's

LABOR DAY: THE WOMEN OF FIFTH AVENUE

Some work on holidays or sway
their attaches like men who bury play
in piles of paperwork. Or men who memorize
those ruthless charts on how to get ahead,
or wonder how they missed the only elevator
up. I'm happy, watching now, women in business suits
who browse and chat and stare in dreamy idleness.

I remember a night I walked in on my wife
and her women friends: alternating whispers
with animated chatter, they confided in each other
about jobs and woes and men whose gestures
startled or excited them. Shy men
who stumbled into grace, or men who leaned,
like spindly city trees, where their bodies
took them. My entrance silenced them
until I laughed and joined in. I talked
about women I liked to look at: one who sat
across from me, another from so long ago
I could hardly fill her ghostly face.
We were ghastly frank and affectionate
enough to share our fantasies.

Afterwards—
it was a hot and humid summer night
on the edge of rain that would not fall—
we decided on a midnight swim. We got in
my tiny car, all legs and arms and hair,
and traded dreams of gin and sauna baths.
Then, without thinking, they stripped down
and waded in the cooling lake. The luxury
of bodies I'd seen sealed up so many years,
now revealed, was too ecstatic to take in.
I forgot, for a moment, I was naked, the only man.
I blushed with privilege and the rarest pleasure:
otherness. In the dark we dove and surfaced,
swam far out and back. Water proved our element.

So sitting at my desk in summer seems
inadequate—as does a life of abstract thought.
Bodies, men's and women's both, infinite
and various, reflecting character in every sway,
retain pleasure and confusion in the watching.
If looking is a kind of talk, the eye's communion
with lip and thought, I'm grateful to the avenue.
To the discourse of the lithe, long-legged,
and the smart, gliding past me in the sizzling heat.

IRA SADOFF

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younger son stopped breathing twice, was revived and the second time had to spend three months in an oxygen tent. Naples's neighbor and fellow veteran Bobby Sutton vomits after meals, has chronic diarrhea, migraines, an enlarged prostate, an abnormal EEG; his wife miscarried after a half-term pregnancy.

Nine years after Vietnam, Jerry Strait has a chloracne rash that is spreading across his face and scalp. His daughter was born with half her brain missing.

Michael Ryan's exposure to Agent Orange caused him severe weight loss, migraine headaches, skin rashes. His daughter Kerrie was born five years after Ryan left Vietnam. She has eighteen birth defects including missing bones, twisted limbs, a hole in her heart, double reproductive organs and no rectum.

John Woods served in Vietnam from 1962 to 1966 as a Green Beret. After his exposure to Agent Orange his weight dropped from 200 to 139 pounds. In the past years he has suffered from severe chloracne, migraine headaches, temporary blindness, puss pockets, chest pains. Before he was sent to Vietnam he fathered two normal children; his two sons born since his exposure have had problems since birth. The oldest boy suffers from skin rashes, muscle cramps and spasms. The younger boy was born with a tumor on his face and is hypertensive.

When I spoke with Victor Yannacone he mentioned that in the past several years six children have been born, each of them missing one eye and one ear, each of them with a cleft palate and a club foot. These six children have only one thing in common: their fathers were Marines who served in the heavily defoliated DMZ.

It is important at this point to remind ourselves that one of the major reasons why the Department of Defense halted the spraying of Agent Orange in 1970 was due to pressure stemming from reports of frequent birth defects in those areas of South Vietnam where the herbicide had been used. Dr. Ton That Tung, one of Vietnam's most prominent surgeons, has been trying to establish a link between Agent Orange and the increase in birth defects among children fathered by North Vietnamese soldiers who had served in the South. Among the birth defects Dr. Tung has found are cleft lips and cleft palates, absence of noses and eyes, malformed ears, shortened limbs, absence of forearms, hydrocephaly (water on the brain), microcephaly (abnormally small heads), anencephaly (a condition in which all or a major portion of the brain is missing). The number of anencephalics is in itself extraordinary; where one might expect "one anencephalia in every 2,277 births," Dr. Tung wrote, "we have one anencephalia per 197.7 births among veterans from the South." Dr. Tung discovered that none of the mothers of the deformed children had been exposed to herbicides, but in one district where out of 233 births there were 9 infants born with defects, all 9 of the babies had been fathered by veterans who had served in the South. Dr. Tung's report was based on his study of 670 couples from Yen Bai, a small town north of Hanoi. All the men had been exposed to a "white spray from American planes" and had been married to women who were not exposed.

Bill Kurtis, formerly with WBBM-TV in Chicago and now co-host of the "CBS Morning News," visited Hanoi's Viet Duc University Hospital in Hanoi in 1980 and Dr. Tung led him into a room where ten couples were waiting. "Their children had all been born with severe birth defects," Kurtis reported. "Four children had no eyes and one three-year-old constantly looked at the stump of his left arm; extending just below the elbow were five tiny appendages growing like small fingers out of the skin." Kurtis believes Tung knew of the shortcomings of his attempt at a health survey, but because there were so few health specialists left in Vietnam in any field, Dr. Tung was pressed into every medical task in Vietnam and simply didn't have the time or the means to do the sort of study that would provide more conclusive answers. Even when one takes into account that Dr. Tung's findings may be colored by propaganda—and that his own government stands accused of using, with full knowledge of its toxicity, another lethal chemical, "yellow rain," not to defoliate jungles but to kill Cambodians and Laotians—what Tung has learned, as Kurtis makes clear, "cries out for help from the international scientific community."

As for the men who dropped the "white spray" on Vietnam, there were approximately twelve hundred pilots and the ground crew members for the

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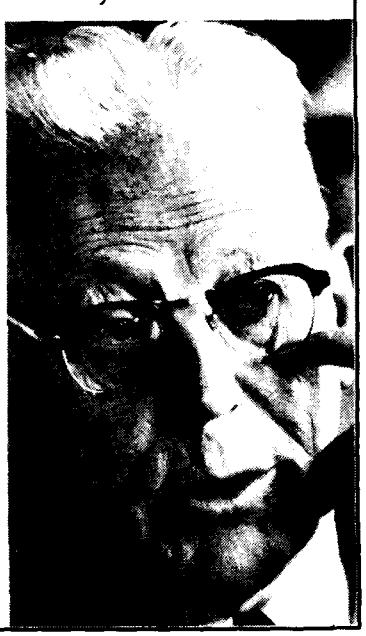

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U.S. Air Force's Operation Ranch Hand C-123s that did the Agent Orange spraying between 1962 and 1970. One must assume that many of them were exposed to the herbicide either when handling the 55-gallon drums with the orange color-coded stripe in which the herbicide was stored, or by the mists that blew into the cockpits and fuselage. One question that has been raised is why there haven't been any complaints from the Ranch Hand personnel. The Air Force last year commenced a twenty-year, three-part study to determine if their health has been affected. The Ranch Hand study is another of the studies the V.A. is waiting for to establish whether any connection exists between veterans' illnesses and exposure to Agent Orange. Ron DeBoer, the young Air Cavalry infantryman whom Wilcox interviewed, believes,

> There are many reasons why the Ranch Hand study will fail to provide the kind of information we need. You've got to remember that the men being examined, the pilots who flew the C-123s for example, did not drink water or eat food contaminated with dioxin, like the grunts did week after week. When those pilots returned to base, they showered every night, instead of living in the same clothes for days or even weeks. So instead of insisting on examining members of the Ranch Hand units, why doesn't the government take a look at A Troop, Seventh Squadron, 17th Air Cavalry, and compare us to another infantry platoon that was stationed in Germany?

Why not indeed?

According to the Department of Defense, U.S. military personnel did not enter a sprayed zone until six weeks after it had been saturated with chemicals. Wilcox asked Joe Naples about the six weeks delay. "Six weeks? That's ridiculous," Naples told Wilcox,

> We would be dropped off at an ambush site and spend hours actually lying in the stuff. It would actually be coming down on us. Whether they knew we were there or not, I'll never know. I spent a lot of time on my stomach in Nam, and in and out of the water that would have contained the stuff either from direct spray or run-off. You'd bathe in a bomb crater, so you'd be drinking in it, you'd wash your clothes in it. You'd get the rice and sweet potatoes in the field that had been sprayed with this stuff, but we didn't know that.

As Wilcox makes clear, and as headlines in recent weeks have been blaring, the dioxin problem is not limited to those who served in Vietnam. Boston Edison sprayed the herbicide near heavily populated suburbs south of Boston in 1979. The Long Island Railroad, without notifying residents along the tracks' right of way, sprayed homeowners' gardens, lawns and children with toxic herbicides. On April 11, 1978, Bonnie Hill, a high school teacher living in the Alsea region of the Siuslaw National Forest was joined by seven other women from that area in Oregon in writing a letter to the E.P.A. suggesting that the use of herbicides in the state be stopped until proven safe. The women knew that dioxin had been discovered in eight out of thirty-two wildlife samples taken from the forest, that it had been found in the breast milk of one out of six women living within the Siuslaw area and "in extremely high levels" in the garden soil of a young woman who lived adjacent to the National Forest. This young woman had had four spontaneous abortions during the three years she had lived there. Bonnie Hill and the seven women who had joined her in writing the E.P.A. had suffered eleven miscarriages among them. All but one of the women had had their miscarriages in the spring when the spraying occurred; the exception was a woman who had miscarried in the fall—the season her area had been sprayed.

Wilcox provides more stories. He writes of the Australian soldiers who served in Vietnam and share the same Agent Orange symptoms and birth defective children as the Americans. He reminds us of the accident at the I.C.M.E.S.A. plant producing 2,4,5-T in Seveso, Italy, where on July 10, 1976, a chemical reactor exploded sending up a dioxin-laden cloud that settled over a seven hundred-acre area in which five thousand people worked and lived. The population had to be evacuated. Wilcox quotes Thomas Whiteside who visited Seveso soon after the accident and again two years later. In his book *The Pendulum and the Toxic Cloud*, Whiteside wrote this chilling description of the Seveso scene:

> Birdlife appeared to have been devastated; fields, gardens and orchards were littered with the carcasses of swallows, martins, warblers and goldfinches, and also with those of thousands of rats, mice and moles. Both brown field rabbits and white rabbits that residents of the area had been raising for food had been dying by the hundreds, and chickens by the thousands. Cats that survived were meowing piteously; dogs, which are known to be comparatively resistant to dioxin poisoning, looked sickly, and their behavior was reported to be nervous and aggressive.

It does not require a great leap of imagination to move from the desolation of Seveso to the defoliated jungles of Vietnam. But whereas Seveso's dioxin was limited to a seven hundred-acre area in which five thousand people lived, tens of thousands of young Americans fought through the more than four million acres defoliated in South Vietnam. And it is the wellbeing of these young men and their families which must now be our primary concern.

AS HORRIFYING as these stories are, all they offer to the scientific community is anecdotal evidence and, therefore, not really evidence at all—at least not the sort of proof required in a court of law. And that is the problem. No one really knows the effect of dioxin on human beings. Dioxin gives rats, mice, monkeys, rabbits, and chickens cancer, kills them, deforms their offspring. According to Dr. Steven Stellman, assistant vice president for epidemiology at the American Cancer Society:

> The biological effects of the ingredients of Agent Orange have been studied in experimental animals for more than fifteen years. And animal experiments are used to test toxic properties of chemicals, because it is unethical to test them deliberately on people. . . . Dioxin is embryotoxic; that is, it kills embryos in pregnant rodents; and teratogenic; that is, it causes birth defects in several strains of rats and mice.

David Kriebel, in a scientific paper published by the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems, Washington University, writes:

> Two points must be made about the significance of the experimental animal data

"*FRANÇOIS MITTERAND n'est pas . . . comment dites on* 'chutzpah-impaired' *en français*? On the eve of Williamsburg, he joined Olof Palme, Andreas Papandreou, and four other socialist honchos in calling on the United States to get its economic house in order. The American wit William Safire comments: 'After years of blaming his recession on our recession, he is now blaming his recession on our recovery.' A French translation should be forwarded to President Mitterand. *N'est-ce pas?*"

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to human health. First, bacteria, rats, and people have very few things in common. But one of those few is a genetic code made of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA). If TCDD can damage DNA in salmonella, and lacking evidence to the contrary, we must assume it can change it in humans as well.

There might already be as many as forty thousand seriously ill veterans and catastrophically deformed children. Yannacone has twenty thousand names now on file and since Judge Pratt's decision that a trial against the chemical companies supplying Agent Orange is merited, Yannacone's office has been receiving hundreds of additional names each day. What do the veterans, their widows and children who have joined in this class action suit want?

They want to know what is happening to them, why they are sick. They want to know why at thirty-two years of age they are suffering from the sort of illnesses associated with the aged. They want to know why they are dying ten, fifteen, twenty, forty years before their time. They want to know what risks their children face. They want to be recognized as disabled vets. When they die they want their wives and children to be compensated.

They don't want the taxpayers to foot the bill. They don't want to destroy the chemical companies. They don't want revenge.

They want the chemical companies to establish a tax-exempt trust fund against which they the veterans, their widows and children can draw to cover their medical expenses. They want to know that they can get help, good quality medical treatment when needed, and that someone will assist them in getting over or dealing with their illnesses. They don't want to wait five more years before the V.A. helps them.

LET THERE BE an act of Congress immediately authorizing the V.A. and the government to assume the cost of the medical care of these families. They need the money now; they can't wait until long-range studies and drawn-out lawsuits are completed. There is adequate reason to believe that Agent Orange might be responsible for many of the veterans' and their families' problems. Even if we don't know yet for sure, even if we doubt that Agent Orange had anything to do with the veteran's illnesses and their children's deformities, we have to take care of them. We should be generous in our compassion and in our willingness to provide these veterans and their families with the medical care they need.

The government should replicate the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission Study for Vietnam veterans in order to give them the answers they need about what is happening to them, so that they can plan the rest of their lives, help their children make decisions about marriage and childbearing, and allow the rest of the world to evaluate the full impact of the dioxin problem.

This is not too much to ask.

Two and a half million healthy young Americans went to Southeast Asia at their country's call. They did their patriotic duty. Regardless of our feelings about the merits of that war, we owe them honor. We owe them and their families care.

HIGH-CAMP CAMEOS

Voices: A Memoir by Frederic Prokosch

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 343 pp., $17.95)

I have read little of the poetry of Frederic Prokosch and less of his prose, but I would not be surprised if his new book, *Voices: A Memoir*, were among the most involving things this once highly regarded poet and novelist has written. Just who is Frederic Prokosch, now seventy-five and living in his villa near Grasse, the perfume capital of the South of France? Recent handbooks on American literature tend not to list him.

The son of an Austrian-Czech immigrant, Eduard Prokosch, a distinguished professor of philology who taught at the Universities of Wisconsin and Texas, then at Bryn Mawr and Yale, Frederic went to Haverford and got a doctorate from Yale with a thesis on Chaucerian apocrypha, abstruse enough to please his learned father. He combined in himself the cultivated, polyglot graces of his Slavic and Central European background and of his good Anglo-American training (he also attended Cambridge University), and was a young man of exceptional handsomeness, with "the dark good looks of an advertiser of razor blades," as the envious Harold Acton put it. Prokosch, Fritz to his friends, had all the advantages. As *sportif* as he was intellectual and artistic ("You look more like an athlete than an aesthete," Wallace Stevens told him), he was a fine tennis and outstanding squash player, enthusiastic driver of spiffy cars, early success as novelist (*The Asiatics*, 1935) and poet (*The Assassins*, 1936), published in both Geoffrey Grigson's *New Verse* and Eliot's *The Criterion*. Prokosch had the further benefit of ready access to the international homosexual elite whom Auden—his master, nemesis, and object of fierce love-hate—wittily dubbed the Homintern.

Furthermore, Prokosch was an avid listener, fearless accoster of assorted celebrities, and a kind of intellectual agent provocateur, able to toss out with apparent innocence the most outrageously confession-begetting questions, as when he asked A. E. Housman why he picked the wretched poet Manilius to become an expert on, or inquired of Wallace Stevens, "But why did you take up insurance?" So Prokosch met and, as it were, audited more greats in literature and the other arts, society, and sports—and even espionage—than you and I meet tradesmen. With galloping pencil and tentacular memory, he gathered up their appearances, conversation, tics, and behavior, much as he collected butterflies, another of his ruling passions. There was no question of his writing ability; even a hostile critic such as Randall Jarrell (reviewing Prokosch's 1941 verse collection, *Death at Sea*) pronounced this "decerebrate Auden" to be "second-hand and second-rate—but oh, so effective!" A scarcely less distinguished arbiter, John Peale Bishop, proclaimed *The Assassins* "an impressive first book," and Prokosch "a poet to be watched" and "even now, a poet to be read." I know few memoirs more hilariously readable than *Voices*, in which Prokosch has collected, now that the

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sitters are safely dead, his sketches from life, enhanced with a little cross-hatching from memory and distortion from mischief.

How truthful are these portraits or cameos, etched in equal doses of acid and affection? Not so malicious as those by Fritz's "glittering friend" Gore Vidal, yet as unsparingly witty as they can be benignly graceful, these brief, sprightly, pungent evocations are a mite too chiseled and bejeweled, minutious and self-consciously shapely to be the mere jottings of even an unusually fluent pencil and well-schooled memory—the mere record of unvarnished truth. As early as 1941, the admiring Francis Scarfe described Prokosch, in *Auden and After*, as one who "writes with an immaculate but somehow fatal ease"; and Dylan Thomas may have spoken truer than he knew in a 1937 letter to Vernon Watkins, deploring Prokosch's being known "only as a dilletante [sic]." For who but a dilettante—albeit a dilettante of distinction—would send hand-printed Christmas pamphlets of his work on fancy paper, year after year, "from Paris, Florence, Bangkok, Venice, and Singapore, bound in mauve, vermilion, violet, with labels of chromium, oak, and ambergris [how disgusting; but, of course, he means amber]" to become, in later years, "a trouvaille for bibliophiles and a triumph at Sotheby's"? And who but a most exquisite dilettante would collect stamps, but only those "that bore the portraits of butterflies or . . . reproductions of illustrious painters"?

Of a butterfly mounted on a wall, Prokosch says, "He looked vividly alive but too symmetrical to be alive." At a party for the Sitwells, Prokosch reflects about Sacheverell that "his very dilettantism gave him a special authenticity, just as a butterfly is authentic by grace of its frivolity." These are characteristics of the writing in *Voices*: a certain frivolity that confers more credibility on butterflies than on memorialists, and a teased stylistic symmetry that looks vividly alive, but is too good to be totally, breathingly true. It is a style reminiscent of Gertrude Stein, just back from Spain when Fritz and his college roommate visited her. We read:

> The Goyas were very nice and the El Grecos were more than adequate but I felt no rapport with the Murillos and Zurbaráns. Alice said that she profoundly distrusted the Zurbaráns but we trusted Mallorca when we came to Mallorca. We walked through the market and sniffed the melons. The melons of Mallorca are subtle and alluring, but the fish of Mallorca are unpretentious and naive.

This is very much the Stein style: the non sequiturs, the premeditated pseudonaiveté, the all too neatly balanced and refrain-laden sentences, and that perfectly Steinian anticlimax "we trusted Mallorca *when we came to Mallorca*." But a clever and knowledgeable parodist could also have made it up. Certainly Miss Toklas could, as when, years later, with Gertrude dead and her own "moustache . . . turned from black to mottled gray," she told Fritz: "Gertrude's sense of severity never failed her when it came to artichokes."

Voices is, above all, an exercise in high camp. A mode that no one, not even Susan Sontag, has conclusively defined, it is a genre excelled in by homosexuals, though not exclusively theirs. It consists of taking the trivial seriously and vice versa, of saying shocking things with nonchalant elegance, of uttering dazzling paradoxes that contain piquant grains of truth, of keeping a straight face in the midst of an (often self-induced) shambles, of creating an artificial world of highly concentrated, style-besotted farce. It is the spirit of Boris, the homosexual child in Gide's *The Counterfeiters*, whose every yes is jostled by a no, and the reverse. It is not so much that high camp tramples on the truth as that it uses it as a trampoline for self-sufficient fancy.

ONCE MORE, then, how truthful are these memoirs? Clearly, the eight- or nine-year-old Fritz (with a certain tendentiousness, dates are kept out of the reminiscences) could not have perceived the visiting Anna Pavlova like this: "She rolled her eyes luridly and glanced around the room, as though detecting a lurking threat in the bowl of roses and the bust of Mozart. Her sunlit fingernails danced about under her chin, capricious as fireflies." And it is hard to believe that even a youth of high school age could have spotted a "half-despairing search for truth" in the "groping little pauses of Thomas Mann." And are we to trust the college student who, meeting James Joyce at Sylvia Beach's Paris bookshop, quotes the master as follows:

> Good heavens, what did you say? The stream of consciousness? What's *that*?. . . Molly Bloom was a down-to-earth lady. She would never have indulged in anything so refined as a stream of consciousness. When I hear the word 'stream' uttered with such revolting primness, what I think of is urine and not the contemporary novel.

Then Joyce proceeds to find this supposedly innovative device in Shakespeare, Sterne, and even Aeschylus. Well, self-contradictory as this sounds, some of it is believable as a display of cantankerous gamesmanship. But it is that solecistic genteelism, "lady" for "woman," that rather queers it all for me.

YET the mature Prokosch often seems just as unreliable. Could Bernard Berenson really have used as the hallmark of good literature its ability to make him giggle? Thus Thackeray was good because he passed the giggle-meter test, but Austen and Dickens flunked it. Then: "Dostoevsky makes me giggle. Even Chekhov now and then. But Hardy—goodness me, who ever giggled at *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*?" Can we believe that Hannah Arendt, predicting the end of culture as we know it, "kept smiling with delight at the prospect of calamity"? (Well, maybe.) Or that Vladimir Nabokov, in luxurious and productive semiretirement in Montreux, could be fairly described as a "lonely and sad and disillusioned lepidopterist"—except perhaps by a fellow lepidopterist who, indeed, was disillusioned and sad at the disparity in their nonlepidopteric achievements?

Nevertheless, you want to believe at least some of it, and most of it is fun when read in the proper spirit. True, the method is somewhat sleazy, and was nicely pinpointed by Lady Emerald Cunard:

> How clever of you, Frederic. . . . You somehow coax people into saying not what they really *want* to say but into what they all of a sudden cannot help saying. You catch them on the wing. Maybe you have learned it from your butterflies. How wicked if you ever wrote it into a book, how very mischievous!

And that's how it works: Prokosch will ask Marianne Moore whether she doesn't really prefer things to people, and forthwith she admits to it, just as Isak Dinesen is made to confess her belief in ghosts, and Edith Sitwell is prodded into comparing herself with Pope.

He does, however, get his celebrated acquaintances to look and sound credible. I can see Joyce having "the air of an embittered provincial surgeon," Virgin-

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ia Woolf "sitting at a desk behind a waterfall of galley proofs," Cyril Connolly seeming "alarmed by the thought of an impending banality," Dylan Thomas being "not quarrelsomely. . . but gently and caressively tipsy," T.S. Eliot looking "pale and shy, with ears and fingers alert for pain," Edmund Wilson sporting a "babyish expression of benevolent implacability" as he drops a mayonnaised shrimp into Sitwell's coiffure, and this about Somerset Maugham—a landscape in a figure: "two deep yellow slopes ran down past his nostrils and settled, like glaciers, over the chasms of his mouth." I can see and hear them: Wallace Stevens who "scratched his snowy chin and his face grew still more recondite" while he mused about tea sent to him in a diplomatic pouch: "I would love to sail in a pouch. If not in a diplomat's then perhaps in a kangaroo's." Thomas Wolfe, who struggled with chopsticks in a Chinese restaurant and exclaimed: "I'm incapable of discipline. I'm like the Mississippi River. Does the Mississippi have subtlety? Does the Mississippi use chopsticks?" And E. M. Forster being gently, dimly bitchy about D. H. Lawrence: "I am not referring to his accent, which at best was debatable. I am thinking of his outlook, which was highly *simpático*. . . . Whatever he may have done in print, his private life was above suspicion."

THIS SORT of thing tells us more about Forster than about Lawrence, and still more about Prokosch. Repeatedly, these celebrities condescend to, ridicule, or savage other celebrities, but while artistic or moral reputations collapse all around him, Prokosch's persona and stature remain wonderfully unscathed by the flying debris. Some of these essays contain more than one portrait each—either consecutively or encapsulated one within the other. Thus "The Martyr," a cool skewering of Frank and Queenie Leavis and their *Scrutiny* acolytes, Wilfrid Mellers (whom Prokosch spells "Wilfred Meller") and L. C. Knights, begins with a rapid sketch of Guy Burgess; both are brilliant, but the Leavis group portrait is satire at its most funnily mordant. And so "The Black Veil," a rather more amiable but not innocuous evocation of Edna Millay, has ensconced inside it, in Millay's words, an equally stunning anecdote about her fellow poet Elinor Wylie. But often the anecdotes are too trivial and trivializing, like those conversations with the famous or near-famous that Prokosch himself dismisses in a style that is the epitome of camp: "They meant nothing and they meant everything, they were true and yet false, they were brilliant yet ridiculous, they were profound but profoundly meaningless."

In his essay-review of *Voices* in *The New York Review of Books*, in which Gore Vidal pays homage to both the writer and the man, we read: "By and large, he has chosen not to praise himself. . . . " This is nonsense. Prokosch tells how, fully clothed, he dove into the Venetian lagoon to bring back the wallet Chagall had let fall in; and how, stark naked, he rescued from the treacherous ocean, at Guincho in Portugal, a young Frenchwoman whom no one else in that nocturnal beach-party crowd could save. We read about his kindness to beggars and contempt for the social elite. The great praise him: Housman remarks that "*The Asiatics* is a little masterpiece," Gide calls it "brilliant but at the same time peculiarly peasantlike" with an "unmistakable Slavic earthiness," Forster declares its fabrications "much too poetic to have been based on vulgar tourism." He is told by Lady Cunard, "If you hadn't been so handsome I might never have met you"; but he is also erudite as all getout, reading and rereading (in the original) Cervantes and Homer, translating Hölderlin and Goldoni, discussing music with Beecham and Gieseking and art with Berenson and Peggy Guggenheim. But in the end he gives it all up, to become a recluse in his house near Grasse and, though winning prizes at the odd bridge tournament, seeing no one and mostly communing with nature. And writing. We could almost believe that he is as Tennessee Williams described him in a letter to Donald Windham, "much nicer than I expected and quite simple and kindly."

Yet even Williams in a later missive comments: "The South of France is only good if you like to swim and gamble and consort with chic tourists, which Prokosch does,"—the same Prokosch who writes Tennessee that "Florence is full of blue-eyed blonds that are very tender-hearted and not at all mercenary." Whether traveling the world

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over in search of truths about nature and art, or whether cruising about in more mundane pursuits, Prokosch does not strike me as especially simple and kindly. Particularly unpleasant is his frequent strategy of letting the great reveal themselves in physical or spiritual nakedness, vulnerability, or ludicrousness—even ugliness—to provoke a Prokoschian outburst of sudden, patronizing love for them in their absurdity—thus with Dylan Thomas, Eliot, Hannah Arendt, Edith Sitwell, among others.

Still, Vidal is roughly right when he says that Prokosch "tried to distill the essence of each voice rather than what might have been exactly said." The essence of each voice: the technique is summarized in Prokosch's charming and provocative meditation on Goldoni and the *commedia dell'arte*, where "the comical portraits descended into caricature":

> I was enthralled by this vision of a stage where human beings enhanced their humanity by putting on noses. Far from growing more artful they somehow deepened their naturality, and their foibles and eccentricities looked all the more convincing. Once at a carnival, where the dancers gathered in the Campo San Angelo and scampered about on the bumpy flagstones, I was amazed when they took off their masks at midnight, and instead of looking more human they looked insipid and expressionless. The mask had been discarded and a deeper vacancy was revealed.

Clearly, Prokosch believes in the truth of masks and caricatures. And read as *commedia dell'arte*, his memoir works. Yet the problem with masks is their provenance. Thus Prokosch describes Curzio Malaparte's appearance: "It looked as if a mask had been grafted on a face which had been profoundly and incurably mutilated. . . . I wondered whether the mask was the result of clumsy surgery or of a laceration of the spirit still deeper and more unfathomable." So one wonders about these vignettes: are their caricatural distortions the pithy exteriorizations of spiritual quirks or are they imposed by the surgery, clumsy or wickedly clever, of our memorialist? Often enough, however, Prokosch convinces me of his telling, if not the truth, what Anatole France called "*une histoire plus vraie que la vérité*."

When the style is not excessively affected and clockwork-like—which it fairly often is—it can be quite winning, as in this passage from a visit to Stein and Toklas during their wartime exile at Bilignin in the French Alps: "Gertrude and Alice crossed the lawn to look at the radishes. All I saw was their behinds—that of Gertrude broad and imponderable, that of Alice very narrow and anxious and vulnerable. I was touched and reassured by the sight of their behinds." So you can add to the not-to-be-underestimated gossip value of *Voices* its mock-soulful cheekiness, especially apt when dealing with such vaguely camp figures as Gertrude Stein and Norman Douglas, or even, on a higher level, E. M. Forster.

And there is an added attraction: the autobiographical elements that, in a dotted line, trace the life story of a many-faceted, much-traveled man, whose activities stretch from chasing butterflies to speculating about the relationship of landscape and people, from struggling with the writing of fiction (no less fascinating for the results' mediocrity) to being an American agent in wartime Portugal and Sweden. If Prokosch is sometimes cavalier about other people, even to getting their names wrong ("Katya" for Katia Mann, "Luchino" for Luchino Visconti, "Caillaux" for Roger Caillois), he is fastidious enough about F. P., recording even comments and situations unflattering to himself. A fascinating subplot is the history of his curious involvement with W. H. Auden. This does not appear to have been a sexual one, but Prokosch began with intense feelings for Auden, the poet whom, above all others, he emulated, learned from, and desperately tried to equal, if not surpass. His name for it is a metaphysical rather than physical infatuation.

Accordingly, Auden keeps popping up throughout *Voices*, either in person or in conversations. The more Auden slights or waxes ironic with Prokosch, the more Prokosch belittles his later work (which was, indeed, poorer) and portrays him as petty, ravaged, forsaken by the Muse—satanic rather than, as once, Luciferian. Animal imagery proliferates: "His iguanalike eyes had grown jaded and suspicious and the creases in his neck looked like the folds in a dead balloon . . . and his hands, cracked and swollen, lay on the table like lobsters." At their last meeting, "the wrinkles were deepening, the pouches were thickening. The eyelids looked scaly and shifty, reptilian." The piece about Arendt is even called "The Monster," referring not to Hannah (many chapters have archly oblique titles) but to Geoffrey Grigson's having called Auden a monster, which elicits Arendt's feeble defense: "Our Wystan is often monstrous but he is never quite a monster." Finally, in the section on Malraux, who, along with Mann and Santayana, is pronounced one of the three most intelligent men Prokosch knew (the three most intelligent women, in a parallel piece of campy list-making, are Stein, Arendt, and Marguerite Yourcenar), Auden figures as a model of "intuitive intelligence . . . dissipated when he started to distrust his intuition." Absorbing account, this, of a doomed, one-sided, "metaphysical" love affair: vindictive, but not without its truths.

Literary loves and hates, *Voices* abounds in them. Also in racy anecdotes, true or trueish. Also in conjurings-up of people and places, which, when they don't miss the mark, dart straight to the core of one's memory. And, toward the end, as Prokosch grows old and reclusive but content amid nature and memories and continuing work, there is even a bittersweet tenderness. There are lumps of ungraciousness in this book. There is also finespun delight.

JOHN SIMON

John Simon is the author of *Something to Declare: Twelve Years of Films From Abroad* (Clarkson N. Potter).

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THE EDUCATION OF A STATESMAN

Palmerston: The Early Years, 1784-1841
by Kenneth Bourne

(Macmillan, 749 pp., $24.95)

Lord Palmerston bestrode his world like a colossus, and in this splendid first installment of a two-volume life, Kenneth Bourne shows us how he did it and how surprising a feat it was.

To begin with the surprise, few foreign secretaries—in any country—can have come to office with so little previous interest or training. Entering Parliament almost directly from Cambridge, Palmerston went to the War Office in 1809 and stayed there for almost twenty years, dealing not with strategy and policy but with finance, discipline, pensions, and constant infighting with the commander-in-chief. Palmerston's travels on the Continent had mostly to do with his compulsive, complex, and sometimes comic love life. Following Canning's death in 1827, he developed a politic interest in diplomatic questions, but in 1830 he was plunged pretty well unprepared into the Foreign Office and, what's more, into agonizingly difficult negotiations about the independence of Belgium, an issue of crucial strategic importance to Britain and on which he was caught between a stubborn Dutch king and his despotic allies on the one hand and a cocky, revolutionary France on the other. Despite some forgivable errors, due as much to haste as anything, he quickly dominated the conference of ambassadors meeting in London and the shape of the settlement was his, though final agreement was prolonged for another six years.

One must assume, then, that Palmerston had an innate taste and temper for diplomacy. To a degree he did. He liked the dodges and the inventing and enjoyed the sense of mastery that was proved so easily so early. Yet he was also temperamentally impossible. In the heyday of the species, he constantly violated the maxim that an English gentleman is never rude unintentionally. He humiliated his subordinates, he meted out increasingly cavalier treatment to his cabinet colleagues, he was constitutionally though impolitically tardy: the list of important people he kept waiting ran right up to the Queen, and his effort to reduce expenditures did not extend to the special messengers he needed to rescue him from his faults. With occasional exceptions, he was a poor performer in the House of Commons (where as an Irish peer he continued to sit until 1865). Until he settled on Tiverton in 1835, his hold on a parliamentary seat was never very secure. And there was frequent talk of his being moved to some other ministerial post, even as late as 1837, after he had mounted triumph after triumph.

With all these drawbacks and uncertainties, how did he do it? He had, in the first place, immense physical stamina—and the cast of thousands Bourne brings to life in this book reminds us of how endemic illness, languor, and valetudinarianism were a century and more ago, which we are all too likely to forget in contemplating the great and exceptional men of the time. Palmerston could stand for seven hours at his high desk, attend Cabinet and Parliament (while complaining about it), entertain officially, pursue an active and risky sexual career both before and after his marriage in 1839 to his longtime but not constant mistress Lady Cowper, and stay up until the small hours working his way through dispatches. He took some steps to save himself, and the complaints that his clerks had about their irregular schedules had to do in part with his keeping uninterrupted daytime working hours at home and arriving at the Foreign Office needing attendance late in the afternoon or early in the evening. But by any physical standard he was a phenomenon, and that explains a lot.

He was what was called in the eighteenth century, when its rarity was appreciated, a good man of business. As secretary at war—a post Bourne says is not merely difficult but almost impossible to describe—he learned his trade in a hard school. Bourne helps us to understand the office and its crazily divided responsibilities and shows us Palmerston steadily taking the measure of himself and developing his mastery of detail. In the chapter on the Foreign Office, one is struck, as always happens in confronting nineteenth-century administration, by its smallness, its idiosyncratic organization (and the Foreign Office was accounted an efficient department), and the uneven abilities of its staff. Palmerston undertook some reforms, but no major ones; he was more drastic in pruning costs; but his constant hectoring of the clerks about their writing showed good instincts applied with singular insensitivity. His appointments were undistinguished or worse, he could not delegate, and he was resented. Yet he grasped everything and pushed forward a remarkable development in the office. The number of incoming dispatches doubled, the outgoing instructions almost trebled in eleven years. When Lord Aberdeen, whom he had succeeded in 1830 and whom he disliked, returned to office on the fall of Melbourne's government in 1841, Palmerston eased his resentment about the credit Aberdeen would get for his predecessor's efforts by reflecting that the Tory minister would have to work much harder than he had done before. Palmerston was also, Bourne says, the most publicity-conscious of foreign secretaries, another giant step into the modern world. Canning had appealed to public opinion, but Palmerston actively courted journalists and contributed to and manipulated newspapers.

Another of his strengths lay in exactly the qualities that so angered his earnest, principled contemporaries who found him outrageous, cynical, unpredictable, and flippant. He had in fact a clear eye for national interest and an admirable capacity for changing front or switching allies to serve it: he is the kind of statesman who always looks better in historical perspective than he did to those who lived with or read about him day by day, not knowing how it would all come out. So, entering office with an anti-French prejudice born of years of war, he soon carpentered an entente, only to conclude by the end of the 1830s that the French could not be worked with, only bullied.

CORRECTION

The editors regret an error in Irving Howe's "The Spell of Fagin" (TNR, June 20). It was Rebekah, not Rachel, who begat Jacob.

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And he could oppose or cooperate with even less savory partners, Metternich, the Tsar, the Sultan. There were to be no crusades, Bourne writes: "Palmerston was an optimist, not an enthusiast; a pragmatist, not a moralist. He began his political life with a fair-sized store of wisdom, but it was wisdom learned by rote, not by the mind or heart." He added to that stock by experience, not by listening to others, and no one can say that he had anything that passed for a vision. It must be said, too, that he was remarkably lucky, right down to the end.

Previous biographers, viewing Palmerston first and foremost as a foreign secretary, have scrambled over nearly half a century of his life to get to the diplomacy. In this volume, Bourne devotes only about a quarter of its many pages to foreign policy. To some extent he was freed to do this by the authoritative work of Sir Charles Webster on the foreign policy of Palmerston in this period; Bourne acknowledges his debt, draws freely on Webster's insights, and emphasizes formation of policy rather than narration of diplomatic detail. He will not have that resource, or presumably that freedom, in the succeeding volume. Here the strategy is brilliantly calculated, and Bourne has done what a biographer should do: he has written a life. Other writers appear, for example, to have scanted or been puzzled by the decision of Palmerston's fashionable and dilettante parents to send him to Edinburgh, prior to Cambridge, and to Professor Dugald Stewart, the successor to and popularizer of the great Scottish moral philosophers of the eighteenth century. Bourne knows where the Scottish universities fitted into the world of advanced or trendy minds; and in a man who was in no sense an intellectual, he discerns what remained from that exposure to the ideas and the ethos of the Scottish enlightenment: an admiration of common sense, a moderate liberal impulse under the instinctive conservatism, conviction about the truths of political economy. So there was some consistency after all, not in doctrines certainly, but in axioms and inclinations.

Drawing more effectively than any earlier biographer on Palmerston's personal papers, Bourne explains Palmerston's finances, how he managed his estates, how he paid off his past mistresses and dealt with blackmail, and why office was welcome and the War Office could seem safer than headier possibilities. Bourne is admirable in portraiture, whether of the aged Talleyrand, charming as ever but likely to waste Palmerston's time, of Princess Lieven, or of the clerks in the offices. And when Bourne writes about politics in the 1830s, he tells a story of conflicting wills and egos, of subtle shadings in policy that grew into alliance or hostility, of the endless chicanery of nepotism, of exiles of convenience, of famous men behaving like petulant children, of powerful and appealing women whose information, insight, and ambition matched their charm. Reform, the Church, Ireland, the cabinet crises of 1834 and 1839, all the familiar landmarks of the political history of the reform era are here, not quite submerged in a texture of projects and calculations and misunderstandings and all the other features of life, in politics or elsewhere, as it is really lived. Because Bourne's footing is so sure, so is ours, and if the old contours are softened, so also does he avoid the arrogant assumptions of some historians that it is only the great game that matters, that ideas do not count, that opinion out-of-doors can be discounted or overlooked altogether.

Twenty years ago, W. L. Burn began his brilliant, idiosyncratic *The Age of Equipoise* by imagining a couple of nineteenth-century scenes—a group portrait of a rectory lawn, four men in a shabby street—and proposing alternative, wildly divergent interpretations. Anyone thus inoculated against the "selective Victorianism" that historians have practiced must react uneasily to Sir Charles Webster's assertion that Palmerston was one of the first Victorians in his attitude to Liberalism, to nationality, and to economics. The gloss on Webster that adorns Bourne's book jacket—that Palmerston was the first true Victorian—is less guarded and could hardly survive a reading of the chapter on "The Ruling Passion" or the Doyle cartoon, "The Queen in Danger," showing the young girl playing chess with Palmerston under Melbourne's eye—two ministers whose morals, drawn from an earlier age, made younger contemporaries uneasy. It may be that what the book shows us is not an emerging Victorianism but how much the early Victorian era was dominated—in personalities, style, and cast of mind—by the eighteenth century that Victorians uniformly despised.

R. K. WEBB

R. K. Webb is professor of history at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County, and in 1982-83 a member of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. He is the author of *Harriet Martineau: A Radical Victorian* (Octagon) and *Modern England: From the Eighteenth Century to the Present* (Harper & Row) and is currently writing a history of English Unitarianism.

THE DEMENTIA OF DICTATORSHIP

The Emperor: Downfall of an Autocrat by Ryszard Kapuściński

(Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 164 pp., $12.95)

"The action takes place in Poland, that is to say: Nowhere." Thus did Alfred Jarry introduce Ubu Roi, who then stepped forward to say "*Merdre*," thereby twisting even shit into a new shape. Among the play's many subjects was the dementia of dictatorship; in present-day parlance, Ubu was what would be called an authoritarian, raised to the highest power of abomination. He killed his way to the throne, plundered his own country, and was driven away by an army: this was the political plot of Jarry's attack upon everything. It is the plot, too, of Ryszard Kapuściński's *The Emperor*, an unforgettable study of Haile Selassie's last years, and of the decadence of power. It concludes with an account of the Ethiopian revolution as it was construed by the survivors of Haile Selassie's court. Kapuściński is a Polish journalist who went

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to Ethiopia after the emperor's fall. His book reads like a cross between Jarry and the newsmagazines. It is utterly surreal and utterly sober. Nor is that all of Ubu that the book brings to mind; like Jarry's play, the action of Kapuściński's book, too, takes place in Poland.

When *The Emperor* appeared in Poland in 1978, it was a sensation. Persecution has a way of refining the skill of reading, and it was instantly understood that Kapuściński's account of the Lion of Judah's depredations was an allegory for the Gierek regime. This report on twentieth-century feudalism, in other words, constitutes a classic indictment of twentieth-century Communism. They are both described as a spectacularly structured system of control whose final consequence is sheer wantonness. (Footnote to a stale semantic debate: the reception of this book in Poland is more evidence of the human irrelevance of the distinction between authoritarianism and totalitarianism; people in Warsaw could see themselves in this story of Addis Ababa because victims measure tyranny by how much liberty is missing, not by what its absence is called.)

Kapuściński's book consists of interviews—rather polished interviews—with the members of the imperial Ethiopian court. It opens with this:

> It was a small dog, a Japanese breed. His name was Lulu. He was allowed to sleep in the Emperor's great bed. During various ceremonies, he would run away from the Emperor's lap and pee on dignitaries' shoes. The august gentlemen were not allowed to flinch or make the slightest gesture when they felt their feet getting wet. I had to walk among the dignitaries and wipe the urine from their shoes with a satin cloth. This was my job for ten years.

Merdre, indeed. The court is portrayed as a hierarchy of humiliations. Protocol in the presence of the Emperor, which was a system of rituals of abjection, was one of the primary tools of his tyranny. Since the Emperor kept no written records, but had all the requirements of his security and all the reasons of state in his head, his presence was his method of government. For the members of his court this meant a constant personalized experience of power. It meant, too, a constant institutionalized paranoia; since there were no records, the uses of secrecy as an instrument of imperial control were greatly increased. There was no way to know what the Emperor knew, which provided the Emperor with the political equivalent of omniscience. The Emperor enjoyed an authority that penetrated all around but was itself impenetrable.

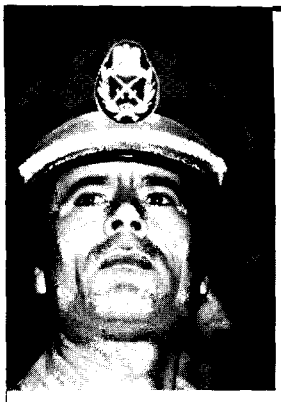
Things began to come apart in 1973, when a military coup against the palace failed, but not before it broke the Emperor's spell on the population. The coup had the liberating effect of a blasphemy; the ruler's divinity was discredited. But that is not all. Kapuściński's tale is written with great political sophistication; it explores the larger causes of the revolution. In his analysis, the political structure of Ethiopia was becoming more and more incompatible with its economic reality. Like other tyrants in the Third World, the Emperor hoped to make up for freedom with development. (The economicist echoes of Eastern Europe are plain.) After the coup he embarked on a drastic program of development, but this only raised the expectations of the population to a familiar degree of revolutionary desire. As one of his sources says:

> A man starved all his life will never rebel. Up north there was no rebellion. No one raised his voice or his hand there. But just let the subject start to eat his fill and then try to take the bowl away, and immediately he rises in rebellion. The usefulness of going hungry is that a hungry man thinks only of bread. He's all wrapped up in the thought of food. He loses the remains of his vitality in that thought, and he no longer has either the desire or the will to seek pleasure through the temptation of disobedience. Just think: Who destroyed our Empire? Who reduced it to ruin? Neither those who had too much, nor those who had nothing, but those who had a bit. Yes, one should always beware of those who have a bit, because they are the worst, they are the greediest, it is they who push upward.

It is an old Parisian truth.

Still, it is not for its author's analysis that this book is important, but for its vivid impression of the depravity of power. This it conveys even in its style, which successfully reproduces the degraded diction of the Emperor's subjects, the surrender in their language. (A little like the grotesque grandiloquence of *le parler Ubu*.) This is a masterpiece of political pornography.

LEON WIESELTIER



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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Live-and-Tell

NORA EPHRON'S NEW BOOK is more than just a new book. It is the occasion for a major flap. Not since Lillian Hellman sued Mary McCarthy have the literati chosen up sides with such gusto. The book is called *Heartburn*, a title I believe to be a compromise. My guess is that Ephron was torn between "Heartbreak" and "Slow Burn." It is a novel only if you don't know that Nora was married to Carl Bernstein, and that Margaret Jay caught Carl's eye, among other things. The flap, of course, is that the author is writing about a well-known situation. Her own. This verity has led to a wide-ranging discussion of the *roman à clef*. Ephron has gone so heavy on the *clef*, however, that the *roman* seems to have fallen by the wayside. Forget kissing . . . the thing now is live-and-tell.

OTHER WRITERS, OF COURSE, have done their share of telling. Fairly recent exemplars are Judith Krantz, Joyce Haber, and the ever classy Saul Bellow. Somehow their stuff didn't seem as juicy—maybe because Princess Daisy didn't blow the whistle on Richard Nixon. With Bellow's book, *Humboldt's Gift*, there was no firestorm of criticism because Bellow wasn't talking *just* about ex-wives cleaning his clock and picking his pocket. He staged rather major and lengthy detours into ethnic neighboring sociologic uses of Baths. The difference between Ephron's and Bellow's approach to data of a personal nature is that Saul Bellow had a story to tell from his imagination, which he only *incidentally* stole from his life, while Nora Ephron erected the slimmest of lines on which to hang the dirty laundry that others, presumably, had soiled.

OF COURSE "HEARTBURN" refers to food and what it can do to you. My hunch is that Nora had an inkling, like the barest whiff of vanilla in a baking *flan*, that maybe she would catch hell for this book, so she went wild with the food metaphor. That way, people would take things less seriously. How oppressive can a plot be, after all, when the leitmotif of a couple's love life is a fail-safe vinaigrette? In other words, if there is such an extraordinary amount of gustatory carrying on—with recipes, yet—then the whole thing cannot be construed as anything too serious. Given her subject, though (infidelity, betrayal), the book buyer comes away with the feeling of having read Gael Greene on hereditary birth defects. Of course one can go too far. When Ephron referred to the black maid cum stepmother as "having enough moles to remind one of a poppy seed cookie," I felt things were out of control and began not to care if the whole cast of characters fell into a vat of whipped cream (the secret of which, by the way, is to refrigerate the beaters and gradually add sugar).

THERE WAS ONE more means by which Ephron tried to deflect potential trouble, and that was to trivialize her approach so that certain information could sneak in as comedy. (This is what I call the Only Kidding factor, introduced to me by my youngest child. She would make the most outrageous statement, then follow it up with the merry coda: "Only kidding.") There is shtick aplenty. The mother in the book is an agent for midgets—then for actors with scars. I ask you. The narrator talks about her first husband: "My first husband was stingy too. But that was the least of it. My first husband was so neurotic. . . ." Those words—that cadence—encourage the expectation that Ed McMahon will then pose the question: "How neurotic *was* he?"

IT IS USEFUL to recall that Ephron did not just sneak up on us with her yen to tell. Many people surely remember her tales in *Esquire* about the transmission of pubic lice amongst friends, along with references to former beaux who were premature, uh, pleasure takers. In other words, such *Ephrontery* is nothing new. This time it's just easier to decode the players. I confess that deep down I admire her courage for spilling the beans . . . and the salad and the roast beef and the kiwi tarte. My admiration comes from the fact that she had the bravery to do what I, as a writer, did not—for I, too, had two clinker husbands it would have been my great pleasure to deride and embarrass. I am certain it was cowardice that stopped me, and not my cousin Edward, the libel lawyer, who made a few remarks on the subject. Which brings up another reason Ephron is brave: the regrettable Supreme Court decision involving Gwen Davis and Dr. Bindrum which states that a writer of fiction is liable if real people are recognizable. The truth is that, in anger, all of us have the urge to tell when the *soufflé* of romance falls on our beautifully set table of hope. So Nora has done it for all of us. Nora has done the wish.

YOU PAY A PRICE, of course, for telling, and I think the price Nora paid was the judgment of some that she has written a spiteful book. Her miscalculation may have been that people weren't as taken with the caddishness of "Mark Feldman" as they were with the transparent hurt and anger of "Rachel Samstat." I believe the debate concerning *Heartburn* is really about its form. It is neither *In Cold Blood* nor is it a straightforward memoir. It is simply Telling, and in terms of content and form Ephron was fudging. Peanut Butter Fudge: Mix and stir until blended:

1 c. peanut butter
1 c. corn syrup
1 1/4 c. nonfat milk solids
1 1/4 c. sifted confectioner's sugar
Mix, then knead. Form into balls.

THE LURE OF THE BOOK, of course, is Nora Ephron herself. Without her presence and, I suppose, Carl Bernstein's, the book is simply a slight and humorous commentary about infidelity, with recipes. *With* her, it is a slight and humorous commentary about infidelity, with recipes, *and* some inside information about real people with famous names. At the end of *Heartburn*, to answer her therapist's question: "Why do you feel you have to turn everything into a story?" the narrator answers: "Because if I tell the story, I can make you laugh, and I would rather have you laugh at me than feel sorry for me." My regret is that Nora gave people the chance to do either.

MARGO HOWARD

Margo Howard's recent book, now in paperback, is *Eppie: The Story of Ann Landers* (Pinnacle Books).

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e 928S

The Porsche 928S is the fastest street-legal production car in America. On the track, its top speed has been clocked at 146 mph. In addition, the 928S is the most comfortable and luxurious Porsche ever built. (See details below.)

Based on years of racing experience, Porsche has designed the interior of the 928S to integrate the car and the driver as one.

Components have been designed to adjust to the requirements of the driving conditions or the individual driver.

For example, the power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering has variable boost. Maximum assistance is provided at low speeds and during parking. But assistance is reduced at high speeds—for optimum road-feel feedback.

The driver's leather, anatomically designed, power-operated seat can be positioned for height, length, and inclination.

Both the leather-covered steering wheel and the instrument cluster can be adjusted up or down to assure an unobstructed [illegible] dials and gauges from any seat position.

[illegible] Audi [illegible]

As standard equipment, the 928S offers a choice of transmissions: 5-speed manual (0-50 mph in 5.2 seconds) or 4-speed automatic (0-50 mph in 5.6 seconds). Also: Four-wheel, power disc brakes. Power windows. Electrically adjustable/heated outside mirrors. Automatic cruise control. Automatic climate control. Central door-locking system. And high-performance alloy wheels.

Some people ask why we put so much luxury in a performance car. And others ask why we put so much performance in a luxury car.

To both, our answer is the same: We are Porsche. And we know no other way. At Porsche, excellence is expected.

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